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THE LADY'S OWN PAPER

News of the Week, Music and the Drama, Fashions, Novelettes, &c.

No. 1.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

Lady Doctors.

FOR the past fortnight the advertisement columns of the leading London daily papers have contained an announcement so novel in itself, and so highly suggestive as indicating the current of modern thought and feeling touching the condition of woman, that we cannot let the occasion pass without offering a note of comment. The announcement referred to a lecture, which we report in another place, to be delivered by Dr. Mary E. Walker. Subject—"The Experiences of a Female Physician in College, Private Practice, and in the Federal Army."

The paragraph is instructive. To those who know the difficulties through which the only lady practitioner in Great Britain won her position, we need say nothing as to the thorough hard work, physical no less than mental, with which Miss E. Walker must be familiar. It always has been, and we suppose ever will be, while society is constituted as it is,—it always has been, we repeat, the lot of those who have taken the initiative in any movement involving public interest to feel the full strain of a labour which mere followers can scarcely appreciate. We have authority for it, it is true, that "there is nothing new under the sun;" but we assume that this must apply rather to great principles than to general facts; at any rate, certain it is that "lady doctors" are by no means familiarly known and recognised, and hence Miss Walker and her English sister have had to overcome obstacles neither few nor small before they could reach the mark they had set before them. Many of the difficulties have been inherent in the undertaking; but others, and those forming no small proportion, have arisen through the powerful, but short-sighted and ungenerous opposition that has been made by members of the opposite sex. We are not now advocating the training of lady doctors; we are by no means advising ladies to choose this particular line of service; we are not quite sure that if every hindrance to their progress were removed, and they were simply allowed a "fair field and no favour," they would succeed in the medical profession; we do not delude ourselves with the belief that more than one in ten thousand competitors would be able to bear the severe strain—physical strain, that most general practitioners have to bear; nor do we overlook numerous other objections to Medicine being selected by ladies as a field for their enterprise; but we do say, and say it most emphatically, that they should be allowed to *try* if they so wish it. It is not English, nor manly, nor just, to bar the entrance to the profession by obstacles purely external to it, and arising, for the most part, from puerile fear, or selfishness, or worse. We are happy to note, therefore, that the *Lancet*—the most influential medical paper in England, and which claims to be the representative of professional opinion in this country—has referred to Miss Walker in a spirited paragraph which, while expressing doubt as to the advisability of the lady's example being very generally followed by her sex, recognises, with respect, her earnest purpose and ability to sustain worthily the position she has assumed. From the facts given, it appears that Miss Walker practised medicine in New York for five years before the war broke out, then volunteered for the Federal army medical service, and served through a campaign of four years, during the first three years being with the Army of the Potomac. In the course of her military career she was taken prisoner of war, and after a captivity of four months was regularly exchanged, the "happy rebel whose freedom was thus purchased being a full-grown, and moustached surgeon, six feet high." "As regards Dr. Mary Walker's costume," continues the writer, "we have only to say that the great weight of her garments is suspended from the shoulders, very much as is the case with her professional brethren. She is strongly of opinion that the ordinary costume of woman is fraught with evil from a physiological point of view, on account of the great weight of the clothes being borne by the waist, and doubtless there is much truth and sound sense in her opinion."

We would particularly draw attention to this teaching of Miss Walker; it is pregnant with social interest, and deserves earnest consideration. Of late years, we are happy to know, thanks to the labours of a few earnest sanitarians, and the example set by many of the noble of the land, many of the time-honoured prejudices touching ladies' dress have been done away with, to the infinite relief and physical benefit of the wearers. There is much, however, yet to be done ere the sexes shall be placed on an equality in this respect; and not the least important step in the right direction will be the universal adoption of that improvement which is daily—though, as yet, in limited circles—becoming more popular, we mean the suspension of the clothing from the *shoulders*, instead of the whole, or, at least, the far heavier portion of the burden being sustained by the waist. Not only is the comfort of the former plan very considerable, but it tends to prevent or alleviate many of the painful afflictions from which ladies so frequently and patiently suffer. Without altogether recommending Miss Walker's style, we do not hesitate to say that a really good hygienic brace should be gladly welcomed as a boon both to children and adults; though it is, of course, in early life that the evil under consideration tells most surely and severely.

But, *voila!* We are digressing. Another word and we have done. As the stay of Miss Mary Walker, M.D., in the metropolis is to be very limited and business-like,—the object of it mainly being, as we are advised, to afford her the opportunity of visiting the metropolitan hospitals and our noble museums,—we advise such of our readers as are desirous of hearing her lecture not to allow the time to pass if another opportunity should occur.

PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS DAGMAR.

LAST WEEK, Dr. Lankester, the coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquest on the body of Julia Levy, a wealthy Jewess, who committed suicide by jumping from a second-floor window. The jury returned a unanimous verdict of "Suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind."

Between Two Fires.

By Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen.

Author of "Raised to the Peerage," "Heroines of History," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE DARK.

STONE Buildings, Lincoln's Inn; appropriate designation! Stone without,—stone within,—suggestive of chilled hopes, disappointment, rage, despair! How many a soft emotion has grown hard by contact with this murky atmosphere of law, as its old and weary victim pants up those steep staircases, the thought of children dependent upon the success of a suit, alone sustaining him! Yes! this is one of the bye streets of life's great thoroughfare, through which, at some time, each one passes. The marriage settlement spurs on the bounding lover; the loss of money—that grief indelible!—goads up the wrathful Jew; to meet—what? a morsel of writing stuck on a door, the hue white, the deception black: "Return in ten minutes." The old expert does not wait; he knows what a clerk's ten minutes are. Even now the writer is probably refreshing his inner man, or has been seated for hours, with a blue bag at his feet, in court, below his chief, who is fulminating legal thunder, at so much an hour, in the cause of Grip *v.* Struggle, before the three judges of our modern Tartarus—highly respectable men in their way—round the corner.

Stone Buildings were looking their stoniest, one cold, drizzling evening in February, with a touch of east wind which blew in wild eddies outside, and rushed into the open doorways in little gusty jerks, as if the weather were out of temper with itself, and, like a peevish housekeeper, now scolding, now sobbing, resolved to make the whole world miserable. Our story leads us to chambers about half way up one of these edifices. Above the door was the name Mr. H. Fortescue, and entering the outer office, you made acquaintance with that gentleman's confidential clerk, who went by the appellation, patronymic or otherwise, of Jeremy Chance.

About six o'clock on this particular evening, this functionary, who carried so much law in his face that his skin reminded one unpleasantly of parchment, was indulging in a trifle of gossip with the old lady who swept the offices, and performed the usual magical delusion of cleaning chambers, by collecting particles of dirt from one corner, and putting them into another. The tea-pot was on the hob, for Mr. Chance had just taken his evening sedative, whilst a plate bearing the remnant of that mysterious compound, a London sausage, which he eyed now and then with an expression of great dissatisfaction, was beside him on the desk, in close proximity with a daily newspaper. An experienced observer would have remarked little evidence of work going on in the papers scattered about; but there was a voluminous deed,—the very sight of which was a warranty for opthalmia, and made the eyes ache,—lying ostentatiously open, whilst a pen stuck behind his ear, imparted a business flavour to the familiar meal, and gave additional sharpness to the ferrety expression of this limb of the law.

"I shall never forget it, Mrs. Moggs, never!" said Mr. Chance, whose subdued tones, and occasional glance over his shoulder at the inner door, showed he was not quite easy in prolonging the conversation: "It was summary process with a vengeance, and but for that timely help, I should have been, once for all, ejected from this life's tenancy."

"I dare say, Mr. Chance: I never heard before how it all happened. Things do come out so odd, don't they? And you've been with him ever since?"

"Bless you, no! 'Twas only when his uncle died, and it was settled he was to come into the old firm's chambers, that he wanted a clerk at all."

"And how did he find you out?"

"He came to me, after writing. You know I stayed some time with the people who nursed me after the accident, and he had given them a good handsome sum to attend to me."

"Ah! did he now?" and Mrs. Moggs nodded her head as if keenly appreciating the situation."

"*I* got all right again, but I can tell you I should scarcely have known *him*. The night that beast of a horse so nearly did for me, I could scarcely get a good look at the man who risked his life to save mine; but afterwards I saw him more than once, and knew that the handsome face I'd dreamt of times out of mind, when I was *non compos*,—which means, Mrs. Moggs, a little touched here," tapping his forehead,—"was the face of my preserver."

"Well, now! do you call him handsome? I don't."

"*Then*, Ma'am, *then!* That's what I was coming to, only you ladies do hurry one on so; you're worse than an examiner in bankruptcy. He was changed!—different altogether. His face, manner, everything, altered. The pleasant smile I liked to see, the nice fresh colour, all gone; and he had the look of a man instead of a boy, aye! and a broken-hearted man too!"

"Dear me, dear me! Well, Mr. Chance?"

"He said his uncle was dead, and he had taken to the business, and that if I liked to make myself useful, I might come as his clerk, at a pound a week. So here I am in actual possession of this estate of cobwebs, old books, parchments, and what not, and likely, I suppose, to remain."

"And a very comfortable place too, Mr. Chance."

"Well, I don't complain. We haven't many words between us. 'Do this,' he says, and 'Do that.' That's about the extent of it. But I tell you what, Mrs. Moggs, he's a different creature, and I for one, don't like the change."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Moggs, oracularly, "it was all along of the old man's will?"

"What, old Fortescue's?"

"To be sure. You heard of it?"

"Of course I have; and Mr. Chance's manner expressed extreme displeasure at being thought ignorant of anything. "Very few people know as much of wills as I do, Mrs. Moggs, and I can tell you,"—in a whisper,—"that much as I like law, I've a regular holiday when I get to Doctor's Commons. Talk of Primrose Hill, and Kew Gardens, and the Parks,—Pshaw! Take my word for it, Ma'am, there's nothing so exciting as ferreting out people's wills, and seeing all their motives, and the little odds and ends in their minds, regularly photographed after they're dead and gone."

"Doctor's Commons!" said Mrs. Moggs. "Why they don't keep wills in a surgery, do they? I never was there."

"Surgery! No, Ma'am. These doctors don't sell physic, but the place is called, I suppose, from Doctors of Law. But at all events, being there one day, I thought I'd have a look at Old Fortescue's will, which I did. He left all his money in charities——"

"Yes; and his nephew ——"

"—Nothing! Leastways, only the reversion of these chambers; that is, if he chose to continue them, and wasn't too proud—those were the words of the will—to make his money in the same way the old people had made it, there was the precise sum left him to pay for them."

"And where was he when his uncle died?"

"Away somewhere. I heard he detested the profession, and when, after an illness he had about the time, he came to his uncle's house, he found that Death had knocked at the door some days before him. It was a hard stroke, Mrs. Moggs, though Mr. Fortescue is not the man to mind money. I've seen him throw away pounds when a word would have put them in his pocket. No! the loss of a fortune could never have altered him. But hush! I hear him, and you must be moving, please."

They both rose.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Moggs, cautiously, while she dusted the grate with an old chimney-broom, which showed signs of baldness in several places, "well, then, Mr. Chance, you'll like to go with me and Mary to-morrow night. There's a capital thing at the little theatre, they tell me, and Mary has a friend of hers, who's waiting for a situation, who'll be glad to get the opportunity of seeing a play, before she gets one."

"Leave that to me, if you please, Ma'am,"—here Mrs. Moggs had pounced upon the sausage,—"I'll remove that and the tea-pot myself. I shall be at your disposal," he went on grandiloquently, "to-morrow at four o'clock precisely. Good night!"

Once more alone, Mr. Chance did remove the sausage, and so satisfactorily that there was no trace of it left! He now resumed his labours, and, taking the pen from behind his ear, set himself to copying out the remainder of the deed, soliloquising a running commentary, softly, the while.

Jeremy's name was intensely applicable to himself, his character, and belongings. He seemed the child of chance,—a human accident from beginning to end. His very appearance, with shock head and usually unkempt attire, gave him the air of having suddenly got up, and like Vulcan, been shot down upon the world by chance. He had subsisted on chance as long as he could remember, had got a chance education, and being casually run over in a crowded street by a runaway cab, had been saved by a chance friend, and put in a way of making, it might be, by hap-hazard, a chance fortune.

One element in his success, if lucky he had been, was, that his mind, like a bit of sticking-plaister, took up everything it touched, good, bad, and indifferent; nor did the similitude end here, for like the plaister too, his application to another's ailments, could either heal or exasperate. Such minds are not uncommon. He required also, first to be moistened, for Jeremy was a dry soul, and a very dull and taciturn fellow indeed if he had not a drop, though frequently only a cup of tea, inside him.

"I wish these deeds," he growled, "were at the bottom of the New River, or locked up in Chancery, like an old house, so that they might quietly go to decay, and no one be the better for them. Now fancy having to finish all this to-night, after hours; but there—he's not a bad fellow, so let's get on—'all the said premises, messuages, tenements, and hereditaments'—I wonder whether I'm ever likely to know anything but the name of such things. I wish that boy were here!"

At this moment the door of the inner room opened.

"Don't let me be disturbed by any one," said a voice, as the speaker looked out for a moment; "and when you've finished what you are about, you may go."

The tones, full and level, startled the clerk. It was a minute or two before he could settle to his work again. The door was once more shut.

"Confound that boy! where was I? Oh, in 'tenements and hereditaments'——. Ah! here they are; not that I am ever likely to see them though. Now if he'd been here I might have got him to read them out, while I wrote; but you never can send those chaps of a message without their being gone hours." Mr. Chance did not recall, at this moment, incidental delays of his own, very usual on his way to and from chambers.

"There," he went on, making a savage dip at the ink, and printing a word in large characters, which looked, in the great surface of round text, like a rich relation towering above a host of cringing dependents. "Now we come to the cream of the thing,—and precious thin cream too, sky-blue, I should think, out of such a painful as this,—to the legatees—'In Trust'——"

A feeble tap was heard at the outer door.

"Hallo! what! Now there's that boy. He's always forgetting the key; and when he takes it, he's so short he can't reach the keyhole, to put it in."

The low tap was repeated.

"Haven't you got the key, you young rascal? Can't you answer? Well, you may wait there, then, till I choose to come off my stool. It's no use your knocking." And the clerk wrote two more lines.

As he finished, the sound was again heard, but this time a little more forcibly; a knocking as of the hand of a child, but no voice or reply to the clerk's queries.

Mr. Chance got testily down. "Now, my boy, I'll give you a lesson. I'm not going to be your doorkeeper. Here, then!——"

He threw the door open, scarcely looking to see who was there. "Ha! a petticoat! Mrs. Moggs come back. No! By Jove!"

In the doorway stood a female form, cloaked and bonneted, but as she made no attempt to enter, the clerk turned the gas-burner a little more on one side, to permit a better view of the visitor, so different in character to the boy he had expected.

She was young, and exquisitely beautiful; the first glance, however rapid, told you that. Richly dressed in a shimmering silk, which rustled pretentiously, and a violet velvet mantle, edged with dark fur, she stood with her veil thrown back, and her small gloved hands clasped nervously together, trembling with ill-suppressed agitation.

A very young woman, perhaps twenty, yet with an air of unmistakeable birth and breeding about her. Her cheeks were pale, and the damp from without, seemed clinging to them, while her brown hair fell in half-curled tresses, about her shoulders.

She had to steady herself by the doorpost, and twice tried to speak, but could not give utterance to a word,—at length,

"Mr. Fortescue! I want to see Mr. Fortescue!"

"I'm very sorry, Miss," said the clerk, politely, for he was mindful of business, though his master's fiat still rung in his ears,—"it is impossible. After hours."

"I must see him," she exclaimed vehemently, and made a movement as if she would enter, but was seized with such a shrinking terror, that she hastily receded again. "I *must* see him; it is a matter of the utmost importance."

"Really, now," said the perplexed clerk, rubbing his chin, then his ear, and going through the usual by-play of men placed in the awkward dilemma of being obliged to refuse a pretty woman; "you really cannot. I have express orders not to disturb him. To-morrow, at any hour you please; that is, between ten and four," he added, explanatorily.

"Oh! no, no! For heaven's sake go and tell him now. I must see him. You do not know what depends upon every minute. Go! go!"

She seemed choking, and her trembling fingers strove to unloose the velvet at her throat. The clerk could resist no longer.

He drew a chair forward, into which she dropped involuntarily.

"Here's a pretty business," he muttered to himself. "He *must* see a woman in such a state as this. Besides, if she were to faint away, what should I do, all alone with her? He'll be angry, of course," he added, despairingly; "but never mind;" then aloud: "Write your name, Ma'am, and I'll take it in."

She opened a silver card-case she had drawn forth, but suddenly paused. "No, no!" and she shook her head sadly; "here, I'll write," and advancing to the desk she traced two words upon a slip of paper.

The clerk took it, and shut the outer door carefully. She appeared utterly indifferent whether he looked at the writing or not, so, perhaps, he was justified in indulging his usual desire for information.

The name was *Clarice Delaunay*.

Poor, frail, trembling girl! She must have a strange terror of the law; her errand must be an all-absorbing one, indeed, for it is pitiable to watch her as she sits now nervously beating her hands together, or gazing with a strange look of fascinated horror at the door by which the clerk had disappeared. She has caught something of the stony character of the place, reminding one of the fabled statues whose living pulses were suddenly chilled into insensibility, by the malignancy of some fell enchanter, were it not for the convulsive movement of the small, ungloved hand, dimpled like a child's, and extended as if to apostrophise with yearning anxiety, the insensate barrier between herself, and him she is seeking.

A few seconds barely elapsed. Jeremy reappeared, but with a graver look upon his countenance than before; "you are to go in," he said, "in five minutes."

She made a gesture of fear, certainly not of pleasure, though her desire had been accomplished so far.

"Look here. You are not in a condition to put your case properly before him. Try and steady yourself, so as not to take up time uselessly, or damage the matter, whatever it is."

With rough kindness he turned the gas a trifle lower, then commenced writing again at his deed; his silver watch, a battered old thing, laid out before him.

"Five minutes over. Now Miss, if you please."

She could scarcely stand. After a moment he held out his arm, and by its aid she steadied her tottering steps the length of the room, which seemed to swim around her. At the door they both paused; she to take a long gasping inspiration, he to whisper a word of encouragement.

"Never mind his manner; now don't, don't be so frightened. I'm sure he has a heart somewhere." Then, turning the handle, Jeremy ushered her into the presence of his principal.

How thick the doors are! Thick enough almost to stifle a cry of pain, yet Jeremy Chance thought he heard one, so full of agony, that he started violently before he had recovered himself, two paces from the partition. Then he turned and listened attentively.

CHAPTER II.

THE IRON HEART.

We maintain that curiosity is a very fine thing, if kept within certain limits, although what these are, seems in human practice, to be very uncertain. Where would Love, Mind, the painter's or the poet's Art, the Atlantic Telegraph, or,—what shall we say?—aye, Novels or History, be—we put Novels first, as generally adhering more to fact, than the other—without curiosity? Aristotle says the basis of all human pleasure in Art is discovery, and how could that exist, if we had no element of curiosity stimulating us to find everything out?

Now, Jeremy Chance possessed this quality in an inordinate degree. If a matter were only as big as a pin's head, and had as many twists and turns in it, he would absolutely have no peace till he had unravelled the whole thread, his reward, after all his pains, being only that he had, *as he thought*, found it out; and this led him, with instinctive eagerness, to apply his ear to the keyhole.

Not a single word! Yes, the lawyer was speaking:

"The letter followed you from the island, then"—how cold the tones fell upon the ear! "you got it but two days since; you have lost no time." A pause, in which the clerk could only faintly distinguish a passion of weeping, broken exclamations, wild protestations of something or other, the purport of which he could not catch. After vainly trying, he returned to his desk.

Presently he heard a movement, and again listened. The lawyer was pacing to and fro with heavy strides.

"What makes you come to me? I tell you it can never be. You should have known it at once, without giving us both, the pain of this."

Again the impatient tramp. Well Jeremy knew this indication of annoyance, and was aware his principal was combating with some fierce trial. It was broken by an occasional sob from the woman. By-and-bye it ceased, and he heard the sound of water pouring from a decanter. He peeped through the keyhole, but could distinguish nothing but drapery, the lady's figure being directly in the line of sight. Suddenly a movement showed him that she had sunk on her knees beside the table on which her head rested, whilst her companion stood near. The face of neither could be seen, but as he gazed, with intense interest, the voice of his employer came clear and startling as the sentence of despair:

"It would be an useless sacrifice. Never, never again, this side the grave!"

He made as if he would have shaken her off, for she had turned, and her arm was extended towards him.

"The object of your love," he went on, excitedly, "the only one you'll ever care for! pshaw! what are you? who are you? now. You forget the lot of such men as myself, poor, struggling, living from hand to mouth. Your commonest attire, would be the price with us, of months of toil. You have chosen your own path, and can keep it. I know, at last, what woman's faith is worth. You have already forgotten much of the past; you will soon be incapable of its remembrance altogether. Go!"

He ceased. Her voice was now heard in reply. Its tones were less suppliant than passionate. "You have a heart of stone! Can you make no allowance? Let your imagination faintly picture the fate I was enduring. Friendless, penniless, broken down with grief and anxiety, it was all I had offered me. No alternative! No escape! *You* know love! You have a heart as cold as ice," and here the indignant strain broke into a tender wailing, pitiful to hear. "Oh, forgive me! she would have died; she was ailing, and wanted many expensive things. You must, you shall pity me!"

"It is because I pity you that I even listen to you now. Pursue the line you have taken. I have not the means to give you more than common sustenance, or send you to some distant spot, where you must live alone, and probably in sordid want for years, perhaps for ever. No, it is better as it is. Go back to your gilded luxury. You have killed a soul for it. You confess that you were at least contented. If there is fault now, the fault is mine as well as yours. You need bear the responsibility alone, no more."

The heavy silence ensued, then the steps to and fro went on again. They stopped abruptly.

"Listen! Once, every month, you write to me. It must be fully, and, if occasion require, I will reply under cover to your confidential servant. I will be as cautious as an unacknowledged lover," and he laughed bitterly.

She interrupted him with some exclamation.

"I tell you," was the answer, "it would be unavailing. You will do nothing of the kind. It is decided; everything is settled; you must go. But, remember, I retain to myself the right, at any time, to ——"

Warned by the words, and a movement towards the door, Jeremy rose from his knees, and with a blank look, in which surprise and disappointment were strangely blended, flew towards his desk. She was going, and the tick of his watch, and the scratch of his pen, were the only sounds in the office. The door opened. What hope had been killed? What memories laid in ashes for ever, between those two silent forms? Some desperate

conflict there had been, but the woman had succumbed, as woman must.

She was altogether bowed down now; neither sob, nor sigh, nor sign of feeling, save in the weak step with which she slowly crossed the room. Yet Fortescue, always accounted a true gentleman in his dealings with women, never held out a finger to assist her.

Holding his hat in one hand, with the other he made a rapid gesture, which kept his clerk from rising. Chance could but observe the pair, after this, indirectly, but he noticed that the accustomed face, usually pale, was now deathly.

At the door the lady looked up at her companion, and Jeremy felt sure she turned away with a shiver, while Mr. Fortescue betrayed no interest whatever, or replied to her mute appeal. Indeed, in opening the door to let her pass, there was a species of aversion in his manner, as if he would avoid contact with the very dress she wore.

They descended the stairs together. Up came the February night air, bitter and cutting. "Something like that, outside and in," the clerk remarked. "They might have shut the door though, the wind blows cold upon a fellow;" and then he thought of this pretty, delicately nurtured girl, allowed to wander in the bleakness, scarcely more bleak than the human heart she was leaving, not a soul, not a word to comfort her!

Jeremy drummed upon his desk thoughtfully. Somehow or other he could not set to his work. Parchments may be all very well in their way, but there is a living fibre called a heart, which still beats in Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

"Is he gone with her, I wonder?" So saying, he got down from his stool, and went to the window. There was a cab at the door. Mr. Fortescue was standing beside it. Was he going to get in? No; the cab drove off with its well-dressed, wretched inmate,—alone.

Hastily resuming his place, he heard his master's step ascending the stairs. Yes, his step, but slow and dragging, as that of an old man; and what a weary sigh! Jeremy's heart bled for him, and, had he dared, he would have offered him sympathy.

Mr. Fortescue entered, shut the door, and walking slowly to the fireplace, stood for a moment shading his eyes with his hand. The stern contraction was gone from his brow, his lip trembled perceptibly, but the iron will soon re-asserted its dominion, though he could not trust himself to utter more than a single word. He held out his watch; more than two hours had elapsed. "Go!" he said, then turned and disappeared within the inner door, locking it after him.

* * * * * * *

A deal plank shuts out much mystery! Sir Walter Scott in "Quentin Durward" eloquently describes Louis the Eleventh—that tired actor—resuming his real expression when the Ambassadors were gone, whom he had courteously received, with a marksman in ambush to fire upon them at a signal from the King! The true cause of furrows in the brow is revealed behind the door, in the private wear and tear of unwatched thought, and the man who mixes most in society is, after all, most alone!

Everything was at rest around him when Harold Fortescue left Lincoln's Inn. Why do we long to get out into the air when we are troubled? Is it that the caged bird flutters impatient, under some strong emotion, and beats against its bars to fly—*anywhere?* Fortescue could bear solitude no longer, and he went forth to gain calmless. In this, his attempt was somewhat infelicitous, for he came upon a street riot.

A man was vociferating that he had been robbed of a watch, and there was the usual motley crowd; the three London degrees of comparison, superlative wretches, comparative thieves, and positive vagabonds, with their president, a policeman, who, had it been some violent attack, would, of course, have been far from the spot. All was confusion and uproar, and, before he was aware, Fortescue got mingled in the throng.

"I swear," roared a powerful sailor-looking man, "that he's taken my watch. What he's done with it I don't know, but I've never left my hold of his collar since I felt his hand in my pocket. If it's too much trouble to you, Mister Peeler, I'll take him along myself, but I don't mean to let him go, I'll take my davy."

"Well, but who's to say that he's the right man?" stammered the indolent Dogberry, whose blear eyes and stolid look showed all intellect was stupified, except cunning—the last spark that ever dies out in the semi-brutal state. "You see we don't know who you har, no more than 'im;" the aspirant characteristically misapplied.

"Not know me!" exclaimed the incensed sailor. "Is a man to be robbed in the streets of London because he's a stranger? I'll tell you what it is; if *you* don't sell proper law, lets go to your master, or inspector, or whoever he is, who deals in it. Not know me! I suppose when a man's robbed, you'll require his register of baptism next, to see whether he's a Christian or not, before you right him. Now, let's be off——Hallo!"

This exclamation of surprise was caused by honest Jack's sudden recognition of Fortescue.

"You here! wonders will never cease. I'm heartily glad to see you, that's fact. Ay! and just at the right time too!"

After the brief episode of the thief being consigned to one of Her Majesty's cell, the evidence of Mr. Fortescue guaranteeing the respectability of the mate, together with the discomfiture of policeman A O, or nought, Fortescue and his friend retraced their steps. After some minutes the former spoke.

"As you say, this is a strange meeting; but listen. It has been a remarkable day to me, and it is not sailors alone who are superstitious, Franks. I have had hours of agony since I parted with you; none bitterer than this day's; but never mind, old fellow," quietly putting his hand upon that of his companion, which clutched his arm nervously, as if he would save him by anticipation, the least pang, "we are creatures of fate, and, although some men seem to master theirs, I cannot master mine. Do you know," and as he faced round to his companion, his features grew almost livid in the lamp-light, "I felt certain the mission of this day was not accomplished, and though you were the last person I expected to meet, yet I could not rest, and here you are in trouble, I in pain, and when, too, I may require your services, more than you needed mine."

"I cannot tell, Sir," replied the other, deferentially, "what your bearings may be, but all I can say is, that whatever course you steer I'll follow. We've seen some queer starts together, but if you're for weighing anchor again, I'm only too happy to sail with you. Meanwhile tell me what I can do. I'm as true as you are; like a gun, iron outside, with a bit of wool or wadding within;" and the sailor chuckled. "I'm not for that doctrine, 'Every one look after himself,' as the donkey said when he danced among the chickens.' My motto is, 'He's my friend who grinds my mill,' that is, who does me a kindness, and I'm not going to forget him, neither."

"Well then, you always remember a face."

"Always," was the reply, significantly. I could swear to any individual to night who figured in the robbery of my watch."

"Just so. And do you still keep a diary of every circumstance of your life?"

"Not every one, for I've never put down my own birth, but I had my mother's assurance of it, and here I am. You see that part of the log belonged to her before I came on board. However, I shall jot this night done, you may rely upon it."

"That's just what I want. Franks, men sometimes have a glimpse of their future, now, mark me well. Here we are in the light, you see me, do you not?"

"Of course I do."

"So that you can swear it is the same person who was with you nights and days in Africa."

The man grew pale. "Well, confound it, Mr. Fortescue, if you talk to me in that sort of tone, Sir, I shall fancy I'm bewitched, as the poor Kaffirs do, and think that certain people come round to us on particular nights, who are not—— You understand me—now don't play the fool."

"I tell you impressions are impressions. They may come to nothing, *but don't forget.* It may be necessary, when or where, or how, I can't tell, that you should prove my identity at some future time."

"But the police can swear," said Franks;

"The police swear anything!" and they parted, after having exchanged their addresses.

The silence of night by this time had settled over the great city, which, like a heart, records the pulsations of a universe. The lawyer walked blindly on, as one who gropes in the dark. The late incident had temporarily diverted his thoughts, but now the terrible past came back, and he went gloomily on, apparently with no destination in view, now starting forward with momentary energy, again to fall into the same slow pace the minute after. Thus he threaded the mean purlieus through which it seemed his pleasure, this particular night, to trace his path to the sleeping quarters he had established in the neighbourhood of Soho-square.

The wind had lulled, and the tearful heavens ceased from their bursts of watery frenzy. There was a pale moon struggling out from a wrack of wild clouds, and her light fell on many an object that would have excited notice from an unusually late pedestrian, had his mind not been pre-occupied.

In doorways; up corners; against railings; upon steps; were huddled together human heaps, the houseless children of this modern Babylon! Here a mother clasping two half-clad infants to her breast, found as well as imparted warmth, and dreamed of firesides and a meeting with her husband, who had gone away months ago in search of work, and never been heard of since. Here reclined an old man, wrapped in a sack; his withered lips murmuring thanks for supposed alms; and here a little street arab, barefooted and shock-headed, rolled up in the form of a ball, his broom for a bedfellow, and laughing softly in his sleep, while the Italian boy close beside him broods over the litter of guinea pigs which furnishes him with a precarious living. Life can be sustained upon less than twelve thousand pounds a year.

Heeding nothing of all this the tall form strode on wearily; his own trouble was enough for him; he had not arrived at that stage of suffering when he could afford to be unselfish. The man's soul was perplexed by two antagonistic principles which seemed likely to lay their citadel of combat, his reason, in ruins. His determination, so strong a few hours ago, was shaken. His love, the sport of as cruel a blow as ever devastated man's pride, had flamed up afresh at the sight of *her.* Conscience asked persistently, was he acting well? Could any circumstances justify the course he had both advised and adopted. The answer was sharply in the negative. Fortescue, though not a religious man in the true sense of the word, had yet learned enough in the moral school of thought to know he was doing evil, without even the poor excuse of feeling sure that good would come. He saw now at once that he had acted from his own indomitable pride; his self-love had turned at bay, and, tremblingly alive to its galling wound, was destroying every principle of justice or honour, which now assailed him, and counselled forgiveness for *her.*

The hours went on, and twice during that long night he had come into the vicinity of the park, passing the familiar street on his way, yet still going on. At length turning, as if prompted by a sudden thought, into one of the squares frequented by the upper ten thousand, he found himself in front of the house which he well knew held *her*, the object of this midnight madness. The place was silent enough, nor did even a dim light tell of solitary watching, and he shook his clenched hand with a gesture of imprecation, as if his eyes could have pierced the gloom which concealed her from his gaze. Then he relented—pictured her alone and weeping,—weeping at the thought of him, and dared to trust himself no longer, but dashed away again, to reach, through long streets and half-lit passages, just as day was dawning, the door of his own humble lodging.

He was at home at all events; here was rest at last! He begun to light a candle, but stopped when he noticed the grey dawn stealing in at the window. Instinctively he went to a heavy desk. The expression of his face at that moment would have puzzled the subtlest physiognomist.

Turning out from amongst a quantity of loose letters a morsel of tissue paper, he rivetted his eyes upon a small gold locket which it contained. Attached to it was a ribbon; it had evidently been worn round the neck; and within was the portrait of a girl, the same who had paid him the visit that evening, but the colours were somewhat faded, as if it had been subjected to great exposure. At first he half bent down, and the movement suggested an, indeed, habitual action. Yes, he had been accustomed, until a short time ago, to press his lips upon this silent effigy, and the dimne was as yet scarcely complete, when the temptation was again before him; though he resisted it, looking at the trinket long and earnestly. How often had it lain upon his heart! Always his companion, once it had been his only possession, and with it he had stood face to face with death! The thought of that supreme moment, in which his whole being had seemed to centre in her image, softened him.

He replaced the picture, and after a few minutes' intense consideration—was it the nearest approach to prayer in that stubborn breast?—lay down wearily on the bed.

Sad havoc had the night's emotions made on him, but at length he slept; for however bitterly we feel, sleep will come at last. A gazer would, nevertheless, have pitied that poor heart, so heavily throbbing, even in slumber; but day had already broken—London was alive; the cries of early purveyors of the metropolitan family strangely contrasting with the heaven-born consolation stealing into his soul. Girlish tears are relieving the overcharged breast; the iron mask is gone, and you see that he is young still. The first freshness is on his dark waving hair; a mine of crimson beauty underlies the pallor of that cheek; the massive forehead becomes smooth in its intellectual contour. Oh! it cannot be that he is doomed to a life-long misery; that he will accept the burden of injustice and deceit!

He is dreaming of soft savannahs far stretching around, rich in palm trees, and vivid with emerald pasture. Birds of brightest plumage pour forth their melody, but not into his ears alone, for in this scene of heavenly beauty Clarice lies on his breast, her voice is thrilling through his senses—"And you would have me swear," she says, "to give you up; to live another man's wife! Never! Harold, never!"

(To be Continued.)

WOMAN.

I have lingered o'er the jessamine,
I have loitered o'er the rose,
I have slept beneath the shady bower
Where the fragrant maythorn blows;
I have travelled where the gem is found,
Bright as the stars above;
But what so prized, so sweet, so bright,
As woman—formed to love!

I have journeyed in the far, far west,
Where nature wildly reigns;
I have plucked the flowers her lavish hand
Had scattered o'er the plains;
But still there is a flower more fair
Than all that deck the grove;
More beautiful, more rich, more rare,
Is woman—formed to love.

For gold we pierce the mine, for pearls
The depths of ocean brave,
We seek the rich and fragrant spice
Where eastern forests wave;
But there's a treasure yet more bright,
All eastern sweets above,
More precious than the eastern pearl,—
'Tis woman—formed to love.

Ah! who can see that winning smile,
That soft and roseate cheek,
Those coral lips, that heaving breast,
Those eyes, that seem to speak;
Those fairy forms, that match the grace
Of angel forms above,
Nor feel that nature's choicest work
Is woman—formed to love.

In mortal life there is a joy
Which makes the heart to beat,
A bliss when we that beaming eye
Of sparkling lustre meet;
And when we droop beneath the ills
That man is born to prove,
The cure is brought in pleasure's cup
By woman—formed to love.

There is a blessing found alike
Where kings and peasants dwell;
In high and lowly palaces,
And in the meanest cell:
Oh! there's a blessing in this life,—
Blest gift of powers above,—
A healing balm, a halo bright:
Dear woman—formed to love!

Miss Christina G. Rosetti's Poems have just been reprinted in America, by Roberts Brothers, of Boston.—The following is the title of a volume of some 280 pages, just issued from the Riverside Press, U.S., "The Mormon Prophet and his Harem; or, an Authentic History of Brigham Young, his numerous Wives and Children. By Mrs. C. V. Waite." If the volume be really what its title seems to promise, it will doubtless have a "run." After Artemus Ward's delightful description, there are probably many who crave a little more light on so interesting and fertile a subject.

Hermione;

OR,

LOVE AND HATE.

CHAPTER I.

"——————— Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; but you! oh, you!
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

TEMPEST.

THE hurid light of an autumn sunset yet gilded the boughs of the giant oak and beech, and cast a crimson tint on the white walls of an elegant modern mansion, which stood in the midst of a park of great beauty and extent, near the town of W——. Through the smooth, gravelled roads of the park, a private carriage was being slowly driven; so slowly, that perhaps the old coachman, born and bred on the estate, was not unwilling that the occupant of the carriage—a stranger to Morcot Park—should become acquainted with its beauties.

The whole estate, indeed, and the neighbours ing village, lying embosomed in green hills, between the park and the town of W——, were distinguished by a picturesque loveliness for which the county of Berkshire, as a whole, is not remarkable.

Hill and dale succeeded each other with delightful variety. On the green sward, smooth as velvet, reposed the graceful fawn. Tufts of magnificent trees, the growth of centuries, were scattered over the entire extent of the park; a lake, so clear and limpid, that its waters might have mirrored an Italian sky, stretched immediately in front of the mansion, which was so gracefully designed that it seemed no less befitting the "sweet south."

If old Maynard, the coachman, had a mind, through the snail's pace by which he fretted his gallant greys, to give the occupant of the carriage, the new governess, Miss Hermione D'Arcy, an opportunity of noting the beauties of Morcot, he was quite innocent of the enthusiasm of romance with which she gazed on them. How deliciously came the cool fragrant breeze upon the brow of Hermione, as she leaned from the carriage window—how sweet, after the confined atmosphere of her narrow chamber, in a poor suburb of London! The grass, how green; the sky, how brilliant! How delicious to her ear the thrilling note of the soaring lark, and the warble of the gentle linnet! And that spacious mansion, rising like a fairy palace amid the trees, as if it had been called from the blue waters of the lake that mirrored its proportions, oh! what an abode of elegance and peace did that promise to be to one, who, at the early age of nineteen, was already worn, alike in heart and spirit, with the dull toils of life. The thought of that sad home which she had left, clouded even the sunlit scene around her; her toiling father, her sick mother, her pale brothers and sister, how would the pure air of the country invigorate their feeble frames! How would a fraction even of the luxuries enjoyed by the owners of yonder superb mansion give health and happiness to them!

And did not Hermione remember another one even dearer than kith and kin? Ah! amid the elegant leisure of such scenes as these, what opportunities for his genius!

Absorbed in such thoughts, Hermione continued to lean from the window of the carriage, till she became heedless of the scene through which she was passing, and was roused only by the vehicle stopping abruptly, when she perceived a gentleman standing full in the last ray of the sunlight, and who had apparently beckoned to the coachman.

This person now advanced, and fixed upon Hermione a gaze so bold, that she involuntarily drew back, with an instinctive apprehension that the roses of a life at Morcot would not be without their thorns.

The stranger apparently hesitated for a moment, as if expecting she would re-appear; then she heard him say to the coachman, "Ah! we are well met, Thomas. I have left Sir William at Mrs. Herbert's, and you must go to W—— with the carriage as soon as you have set the young lady down at the hall."

The man made the necessary civil reply to this order, and the carriage drove on, leaving Hermione grateful, she scarcely knew why, that this person, whose look had so repulsed her, was not Sir William Beaumont, the father of her future pupil.

Sensitive and reflective, and with already a bitter knowledge of the world, Hermione too truly suspected that the gentleman's gaze would have been more respectful, were he not cognisant of the fact that she was *only the new governess.*

Hitherto the history of Hermione had seemed to lie on the surface; the eldest of four children, the daughter of a clerk, a man of good family and a scholar, who had in vain striven against destiny throughout his life, but who had married imprudently, and who loathed the employment which gave him bread, and who justly despised his employer, the so-called merchant, whose wealth was actually accumulated out of railroads, mining speculations, pearl fisheries, in seas where pearls were never to be found, and the various other excellent devices of modern London merchants.

As the salary of Mr. D'Arcy was by no means sufficient to support his family, they all tasted abundantly the incessant wearing miseries of genteel poverty; and of this delightful inheritance, Hermione, as the eldest of the family, had enjoyed the largest share, for her province it was to make excuses to importunate trudespeople, to nurse her sick mother, instruct her brothers and sisters, and assist the one over-worked servant to keep the house in order while Mrs. D'Arcy was confined by illness to her bed.

With such an outward patience, too, did Hermione D'Arcy fulfil these tasks, that none, even of her own family, imagined how repulsive they were to her taste; and when her mother rebuked her for sacrificing her few hours of recreation to severe study, ill was she understood when she replied, that "without that study she could not live." Marvellous, too, was the facility with which she became versed not only in all elegant accomplishments, but in such science and pursuits as seldom tempt the mind of woman.

By her father she had been aided in the acquirement of the dead as well as living languages; but her knowledge of Greek and Latin she concealed as carefully as her belief in mesmerism, or her profound study of the long-exploded science of astrology. As a pianist, she possessed a rare delicacy of touch, and her voice was of such compass and melody, that it might have made her fortune as a public singer. As an artist, too, Hermione had been blessed with no mean abilities; and in her study of painting it was that the first gleam of life's sunshine glittered on her path.

One of the few real friends of whom her father would boast was an artist of considerable ability, a man of wealth and standing in society. This gentleman took a pleasure in encouraging and cultivating the artistic ability of Hermione, and at his house she met a young painter, whose genius for his peculiar art excelled that of Hermione, while his pursuit of general learning was as ardent as her own, and his enthusiasm unrebuked by the pressure of poverty, for, although left an orphan at an early age, Philip Oswald was possessed of a competence which had secured him from the miseries occasioned by want of money.

Hermione soon learned how fondly she was loved by Oswald, but her generous and proud spirit would not suffer her lover to embarrass himself with the distresses of her family, nor would she consent, by an immediate marriage, selfishly to escape from sorrows which, as a single woman, she hoped to obtain the means in some measure to relieve.

It happened to be in the power of their old friend the artist to recommend Hermione for the post of governess to the only child of the rich baronet, Sir William Beaumont; and, to secure abilities so unusual as those of Miss D'Arcy, Lady Beaumont had offered the high salary of one hundred pounds a year. The office was accepted by Hermione, who parted with her lover with her free soul untarnished by any jealous fears for his faith, and in a confidence of a happy meeting, as soon as the family of her employers returned to town.

CHAPTER II.

"All of her that is out of door, most rich;
If she be furnished with a mind as rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird!"
CYMBELINE.

In the latter end of September, the evening shadows fall suddenly, however fine may have been the day, and a purple haze had eclipsed the red glow of the sunset, ere the carriage which conveyed Hermione drew up against the entrance of Morcot Hall.

The lot of the young girl had been cast amid the depressed portion of the middle classes. The most costly dwelling which she had visited was the handsome and well-furnished house of the old artist, in Gordon-square, and of the luxuries and beauties of such an abode as Morcot Hall she had learned nothing, save from books or in her dreams. Though too inherently high bred to express any vulgar astonishment, Hermione was, nevertheless, surprised to find the hall of Sir William's mansion supported by pillars of costly foreign marble; to see the ormolu lamps in which the light of the burners was softened by the pale rose tint of the ground glass that surrounded them, supported by the upriser arms of alabaster statues, with the exception of one far more splendid than the rest, a large lamp suspended from the centre of the roof, and composed of ormolu and white ground glass, on which were represented, with incomparable skill, gay plumaged birds and glowing flowers. Between the statues, too, were stands loaded with rare exotic plants, roses and heliotropes.

In the hall Hermione was met by an elderly, staid-looking woman, who announced herself as the housekeeper.

"You did not leave town by the first train, Miss D'Arcy, did you?" said this person as she ushered Hermione up a magnificent staircase.

The young girl stated the cause of her delay, a sudden access of her mother's illness.

"Ah! that is all very well," replied the housekeeper; "but I just tell you, as a friend, don't say much about that to my lady, for she is in very bad health herself, and very nervous, and she cannot bear to hear about sickness, or anything regarding the troubles of common people, or nasty doleful sermons, or such like; and it's very natural, because she has lived like a queen all her life, and a little thing frets her; so you must make some other excuse about being beyond your time than your mother's illness, for my lady won't rest if she's told of such things; and you know, Miss, we must give in a little to the whims of rich people, especially when we owe them our bread."

The proud heart of Hermione throbbed indignantly at this speech; it was as offensive a promise for the future as was the bold gaze of the gentleman she had encountered in the park, and she replied coldly, "Though I am very young, I know enough of the world to be quite aware that we must bear patiently with the weaknesses of our employers; but I shall never carry this respect or forbearance so far as to deviate from the truth; if Lady Beaumont asks why I am so late, I shall certainly state the real cause of my delay."

"Oh, just as you please, Miss," answered the housekeeper with a sneer; "but you'll find, before you have been long at Morcot Hall, that Mrs. Robinson gives pretty good advice."

As the housekeeper spoke thus, she flounced before Hermione, and after conducting her through a suite of elegantly furnished apartments, she stopped at the door, and knocked very gently.

A faint, languishing voice bade them enter, and Hermione stood before Lady Beaumont in her luxurious boudoir.

Though the evenings were still very warm, a large fire burned in the glittering grate of wrought steel and ormolu, and the odour of pastiles, rising from an elaborately chased silver vase, combined with that which proceeded from some tuberoses and various other hothouse plants, made the air faint and sickening, and so far overcame the strong nerves of Hermione, that she no longer wondered that Lady Beaumont should complain of weak ones.

An air of most extreme luxury prevailed throughout the apartment; the walls, of a pale grey tint, were adorned with cabinet pictures of so exquisite a class, that Hermione's own genius and knowledge of the painter's art convinced her at a glance that they must have been purchased at a vast price. The chairs and couches had cushions of azure blue satin, and their rosewood frames were richly inlaid with silver. A small rosewood table, also inlaid with silver, stood near the couch on which Lady Beaumont was stretched. She bade Hermione come forward; and the latter, by the light of a lamp which stood upon the table, and which fell full upon the lady's features, perceived that she was a very beautiful woman.

Lovely, however, as was Lady Beaumont, the wear and tear of dissipation and *ennui* were visible, both in her person and her face. The round cheek seemed to have lost something of its fulness; the hazel eyes were slightly sunk, and had Hermione seen the lady by the light of day she would have discovered the dark circle surrounding those brilliant eyes. As it was, even by the deceitful artificial rays of the lamp, she was sensible of a kind of chalky tint in the whiteness of the forehead, and that the rich rose hue of the cheek was the effect of art.

Lady Beaumont was attired in a kind of morning robe, of pink and white-striped silk; a half cap of Honiton lace, decorated with a wreath of hawthorn, contrasted with the glossy darkness of her chesnut hair; and a shawl of the same rich material was carelessly wrapped round her, while, in exquisite and just taste, one superb diamond alone glittered on the white attenuated hand which held the shawl upon her bosom.

In spite, however, of her beauty, and the luxuries by which she was surrounded, a peevish, discontented expression was visible in the lovely features of Lady Beaumont, and there was something querulous in the low tones of her voice, as she said, on the housekeeper announcing Hermione, "Oh, Miss D'Arcy, you are very late, really you have made me quite ill; step forward, if you please, let me look at you. You are very little; I am sorry for that; Emmeline is a child of fearful energy; your physical appearance will not command her respect. Take off your bonnet, if you please, let me see your face."

With trembling hands Hermione removed her bonnet, and as she thus discovered a face more ingenuous and not less lovely than Lady Beaumont's own, an extra shadow of ill-humour passed over the features of the latter, unperceived by the young girl, who, full of confusion, stood with her eyes upon the ground.

"Really, you are very little," repeated Lady Beaumont, in the same tone of discontent, for even her envy and ill-nature could not, at a moment's notice, find a fault in the pure and youthful countenance of the governess.

"And really, my cousin, sweet and fair Alithea," said a deep-toned, masculine voice, "I cannot understand why you would have your daughter's instructress possess the proportions of a dragoon. Would such a person initiate Emmeline in the delicate graces of her mother?"

"Oh, Edmund!" replied Lady Beaumont, "I have no time to listen your foolish flatteries; why did you not stay at Mrs. Herbert's with Sir William? I assure you, now, I must have some conversation with Miss D'Arcy, which will not interest you. I want to make known to her the nature of Emmeline's faults."

"Do you, most severe mamma!" replied the gentleman; "then, in justice to the darling child, I must inform Miss D'Arcy of her good qualities."

And, with an air that would not be gainsayed, this gentleman, who was no other than the cousin of Sir William Beaumont, and the presumptive heir to his estates, desired the housekeeper to withdraw, and offered Hermione a seat.

Lady Beaumont had not shown her governess this courtesy; but as Hermione, now lifting her eyes from the ground, cast them inquiringly on the lady, she said, "Oh, yes; pray be seated, Miss D'Arcy."

In accepting the chair, Hermione was, in a manner, compelled to raise her eyes to the face of the person who offered it. A glance sufficed for her to recognise the person whom she had previously seen in the park; but she now observed, what, in the confusion occasioned by his rude gaze, she had not previously noticed, that he might have been called the handsomest man she had ever seen. His figure, of that commanding height which is affixed to the idea of majesty, was, nevertheless, so truly proportioned, that it was only by comparison his superior stature would have been remarked; his features, slightly aquiline, bore, for the casual observer, a general haughtiness of expression. But, a fervent disciple of Lavater, Hermione read deeper into the soul of Edmund Beaumont, through the transparent visor of his proud, masculine beauty. In the broad expanse of his noble forehead, round which clustered short, crisp curls, black as the raven's wing, appeared visible the profundity of thought, but there ceased all that was intellectual in the face; the large, piercing, black eyes, too audaciously demanded admiration; the full lips, betwixt which glittered teeth whiter than pearls, were of somewhat too deep a scarlet; and finely formed as was the chin and lower part of the face, there were lines indicative of a determination which might degenerate into cruelty and injustice, while the voluptuous expression of the flexible mouth accorded too well with the bold eyes.

It has happened, perhaps, to most persons, in the course of their lives, to encounter individuals who, they are warned by a strange inward voice, will exercise much control over their future destiny, either for good or ill. Such a voice seemed whispering to the soul of Hermione, as she lifted her eyes to the face of Mr. Beaumont, and a new unwonted terror fastened on her heart. But as those piercing eyes, still unquailing, retained their confident gaze, her courage revived. A most delicate and pensive face had Hermione; features that might have been chosen for a model, a skin transparently fair, and enlivened by the palest tint of the rose, that contrasted as strongly with the rich brown of Mr. Beaumont's complexion, as did her deep earnest grey eyes with his brilliant black ones; yet they resembled each other somewhat in the expanse of the forehead, and in the hue of the silky ebon hair which Hermione wore braided in classic folds about her head; a resolution, too, that would never yield, at times appeared upon her countenance, and banished its pensive expression.

It might be, as their eyes met, that Mr. Beaumont read something of her character, for he took a seat at a little distance, and affected to examine a portfolio of prints, while Lady Beaumont pursued the conversation with Hermione.

(To be Continued.)

BONNY COUSIN MARY.

(By Henry J. Byron.)

Tell, ah! tell me why,
You're of smiles so chary,—
Apple of my eye,
Bonny Cousin Mary!

Why so coldly frown?
Fickle-hearted fairy!
Soft as eider down—
Bonny Cousin Mary!

Foolish little flirt,
Don't be a barbari-
An: the barb doth hurt,—
Bonny Cousin Mary!

"Pretty Polly," say,—
As Macheath, so airy,
Singeth in the play—
Bonny Cousin Mary!

Say, why use me so,
Quite—to quote Gamp (Sairey)
Than "a Rooshan?" oh!
Bonny Cousin Mary!

No word can describe
In the dictionary,
Not one of the tribe—
(Bonny Cousin Mary!)

Of their authors, not
Johnson, Webster, Carey,—
Pooh! none of them what—
(Bonny Cousin Mary!)

I for thee endure,
Mary, *ma belle cherie*;
Come, apply the cure—
Bonny Cousin Mary!

Brow as white as milk
Cooling in the dairy;
Shoulders soft as silk—
Bonny Cousin Mary!

But, alas; with mind
Strongish—quite Jane Eyre-y—
To my merits blind,
Bonny Cousin Mary!

Warm a poet I,
Quite as Alfieri;
Would you see me die,
Bonny Cousin Mary?

You've a voice as clear
As your caged canary:
Yes! you *are* a dear,
Bonny Cousin Mary!

Bah!—I'll sing no more
Rhymes, or seek to vary
Jingles—you've a score—
Bonny Cousin Mary!

Polygamy is allowed in China, but there is only one wife, who is called *tsie;* the others are concubines, and are bound to obey her as their mistress.

No Baby in the House.—A good observer can soon tell, when he enters a house, whether there is a baby there, without needing to speculate too curiously as to the ages of the master and mistress. Here are the signs, put neatly in rhyme, for the use of dull perceptions:—

No baby in the house I know
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs,
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

THE GLEANER.

Fruit Jar.—There exists a very well-founde objection to the ordinary tin fruit can, with its soldered top. It is inconvenient, and not so neat in its appearance, as a nicely-fitted glass jar. John J. Squire, of New London, Conn., United States, has recently secured a patent in that country and Great Britain for a glass jar which possesses excellent features. The top is firmly secured in its seat by an india-rubber band, and is quickly adjusted and easily removed, no sealing process being necessary.

Music.—Nothing unites society more than music. It makes brothers of strangers; it makes the most diffident feel at home; the most shy and suspicious it renders frank and full of trust. It overflows the rocks of separation between us; it comes up in a full tide between us, and opens a free intercourse of hearts. It is wholly a disinterested pursuit. The jealousies of emulation, the rancour of parties must be merged in it.

Scotch Cookery.—Scotland approaches somewhat to France in its cookery, especially its soups, which are numerous and good. What would our readers think of a great soup, after the legal Twelfth of August, with green peas to thicken it. Asparagus soup, too, made from the delicate tops of the plant, is Scottish and good. Scotch collops are national, and sheep's-head broth, with barley, is a dish homely but good, which Sandy appetisingly meditates upon, whether amid the frosts and snows of Canada or in the torrid heat of Hindustan. In Scotland, too, tripe and cowheel, albeit the name is vulgar, continue in favour, even at rich men's boards. Black puddings have long since been sent down to the kitchen, and the hereditary "chieftain of the pudding race," the haggis, which much resembles boiled bagpipes, is rarely now seen, except at some great Caledonian gathering. The Finnan (or Findhorn) haddock or haddy, ceasing to be exclusive, is now to be found in all parts of the world, but never so good as in "Aberdeen awa'."

Tales of My Landlord.—That I do not keep his house in proper repair. That the painting is not such as it should be. That the chimneys were as good chimneys as any in Christendom, and were never known to smoke before. That the drainage could not possibly be better—in fact, he never, in all his experience, knew drains to be in such sweet odour,—the fault must lie with the cook. That if the doors will not close to, some undue violence must have been used. That the windows were perfectly tight and sound when first I took possession. That he cannot help the water coming through the roof, which he knows well enough was in the very best repair at the time I went in—so much so, that he would have defied the most searching microscopic eye to pick a hole in it.

Pins.—What becomes of the pins? has often been asked, but we have never yet met with a satisfactory answer to it. Few persons are aware of the enormous consumption of this little instrument. The annual report of the United States Secretary, ten years ago, contained some interesting memoranda relative to manufactures, furnished by the Hon. Philip Allen, then Senator from Rhode Island, in which, among other things, he stated that the number of pins made per annum in the United States was 2,607,360,000. Now the old question comes up for solution—What becomes of the pins? The population of the country was then 26,000,000. Does each individual—man, woman, and child—consume 100 pins a year? for that would be the average supply. But it is well known that it is only one sex who use pins at all. Does each American example of the feminine gender consume 200 pins a year? From babyhood to maturity, and from that to the grave, the passion for pins, it is admitted, is a part of woman's nature; but we submit that this fact affords no satisfactory explanation of the disappearance of 2,607,360,000 pins per annum. The question, therefore, still remains—What becomes of the pins?

Misery and Happiness.—The misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year the death of a child; years after a failure in trade; after another larger or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily; in all but the singularly unfortunate the integral parts that co-npose the sum total of the misery of a man's life are easily counted and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions; the little soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

The Sky an Indicator of the Weather.—The colour of the sky at particular times affords wonderful good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral grey colour constitutes a favourable sign in the evening, and an unfavourable one in the morning. The clouds are again full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp, and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues, betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

A Story of Mary Queen of Scots.—Still less can we refuse the evidence of the "True Report" of the last moments of Mary Queen of Scots, which sets forth that, when the executioner lifted the head by the hair to show it to the bystanders with the exclamation of "God save the Queen," it suddenly dropped from his hands. The hair was false; the head had been shaved in front and at the back, leaving a few grey hairs on the sides.

FORTUNE.—People complain of the issue of such and such an event; they say, "Fortune has betrayed our efforts," or, in other words, a result has happened without a cause. Why these childish complaints? That which has come ought to happen. If your house has fallen down it is because it was badly supported; if the people have showered acclamations upon their oppressors it is because they are not wise enough to comprehend their true interests. Fortune has nothing to do with the matter; instead of accusing it, therefore, work, for causes and effects will surely follow; this is the course which reasonable creatures ought to pursue.

SELLING OF HAIR.—The municipal council of the department of Correge, in France, met last week in high council, and decided that the practice so prevalent of late years for the young women of Normandy and Brittany to sell their hair in the market-places of their respective villages was highly immoral, and therefore passed a statute forbidding the practice. The custom has been that those who wished to dispose of their *chevelure* should wear bright ribbons in their chignon, which were synonymous with the words "Look at my hair, it is for sale." Hair vendors were then privileged to go up to the girl, untie the ribbons, examine the hair, and bargain as to its price. As soon as this knotty point was decided, the purchaser, armed with scissors, cut off his merchandise, leaving but a few short curls in front.

MORE than a million of new-laid eggs are daily imported into England from France.

The Useful Corner.

TO GILD PICTURE FRAMES, &c.—The surface to be gilt must be carefully covered with a strong size, made by boiling down pieces of white leather or chippings of parchment, till they are reduced to a stiff jelly; this coating being dried, eight or ten more must be applied consisting of the same size, mixed with fine Paris plaster or washed chalk. When a sufficient number of layers have been put on, varying according to the nature of the work, and the whole is become quite dry, a moderately thick layer must be applied, composed of size and American bole, or yellow oxide of lead. While this last is yet moist the gold leaf is to be put on in the usual manner; it will immediately adhere on being pressed by a ball of soft cotton, and before the size is become perfectly dry, those parts which are intended to be most brilliant are to be carefully burnished by an agate or dog's tooth fixed in a handle. In order to save the labour of burnishing, it is a common but bad practice slightly to burnish the brilliant parts and to deaden the rest by drawing a brush over them dipped in size; the required contrast between the polished and the unpolished gold is indeed thus obtained, but the general effect is inferior to that produced in the regular way, and the smallest drop of water falling on the sized part occasions a stain.

TO POLISH WOOD.—Take a piece of pumice stone and water, and pass regularly over the work until the rising of the grain is cut down; then take powdered tripoli and boiled linseed oil, and polish the work to a bright surface.

TO POLISH VARNISHED FURNITURE.—Take two ounces of tripoli powdered, put it in an earthern pot with water to cover it, then take a piece of white flannel, lay it over a piece of cork or rubber, and proceed to polish the varnish, always wetting it with tripoli and water. It will be known when the process is finished by wiping a part of the work with a sponge, and observing whether there is a fair even gloss. When this is the case take a bit of mutton suet and fine flour, and clean the work.

TO MAKE FURNITURE PASTE.—Scrape four ounces of beeswax into a basin, and add as much oil of turpentine as will moisten it through. Now powder a quarter of an ounce of resin, and add as much Indian red as will bring if to a deep mahogany colour. When the composition is properly stirred up it will prove an excellent or paste for blemishes in mahogany and other furniture.

TO MAKE A WASH FOR PRESERVING PENCIL DRAWINGS.—A thin wash of isinglass will fix either black lead, or hard black chalk, or the same effect may be produced by the simple application of skimmed milk, as has been proved by frequent trials. The best way of using the latter is to lay the drawing flat upon the surface of the milk, and then take it up by one corner till it drains and dries. The milk must be perfectly free from cream or it will grease the paper.

TO VARNISH DRAWINGS AND CARD WORK.—Boil some clear parchment cuttings in water in a glazed pipkin, till they produce a very clear size. Strain it and keep for use. Give the work two coats of size, being careful to pass the brush quickly over, so as not to disturb the colours.

TO RENDER BOOTS WATER-PROOF.—Boots and shoes may be rendered impervious to water by the following composition:—Boiled oil, 16 parts; turpentine (spt.), 2 parts; beeswax, 1 part; resin, 1 part; turpentine (Venice), 2 parts. Melt and use hot.

TO CLEAN POINT LACE.—Stretch it on a tent, and clean it with a solution of white soap; wash off the soap with water, and sponge it with starch on the wrong side; when dry, iron it on the same side; then with a bodkin set it in order.

HOW TO CHOOSE PORK.—If young the rind will be *thin, tender,* and easily *impressed* with the finger; when fresh, the flesh is smooth and cool; if clammy, avoid it; if the fat is measly or full of kernels it is unwholesome.

MARKING INK.—Lunar caustic, 2 parts; saf. green and gum arabic, each 1 part. Dissolve in distilled water.

The Preparation.—Soda, 1 ounce; water, 1 ounce; saf. green, half a drachm. Dissolve, and wet the linen (where it is intended to write) with this mordant, then well dry it

Hints for Young Mothers.

AIR AND EXERCISE.—Pure fresh air, of a proper temperature, is essential to the health of the infant; but for some weeks after birth this must be obtained without leaving the house. For some days the baby should be kept in its mother's bed-chamber, and that should be well ventilated; the second or third week it may be taken into the nursery during the day, and subsequently into other warm, ventilated rooms in the house; this will afford sufficient change of air. Sir James Clarke, in his valuable work on consumption, remarks "A delicate infant born late in the autumn will not generally derive advantage from being carried in the open air in this climate until the succeeding spring; if the rooms in which he is kept are large, often changed and well ventilated, he will not suffer from the confinement, while he will probably escape catarrhal affections, which are so often the consequence of the injudicious exposure of infants to a low temperature."

TOO EARLY ON THE FEET.—Mothers and nurses are so proud of children being able to walk at an early age, that they are too apt to place them on their feet and (with more or less support) keep them moving about in that way before the legs have acquired sufficient strength; and in many cases the result is actually to defer the period of walking alone and perhaps to give a curve inwards or outwards to the legs. We may be very certain that when a child is able to walk, he will show his ability in a way that cannot be misunderstood, and then a little help, rather to enable him to balance than to support himself, will be sufficient. Remembering that walking alone requires not merely physical strength but power of balancing, we should be cautious of forcing a child to step alone until the latter as well as the former has been acquired. Timid children attain the latter very slowly, and if they are forced, the fear of falling will prevent their making the attempt, and will only distress them. We beg the young mother to remember, then, that the child should itself decide upon the different steps of its progress, and a little watchfulness on the part of the mother or nurse will easily discover the indications.

TREATMENT IN CONVULSIONS.—In proceeding to treat a case of convulsions we should first ascertain to which of the varieties it belongs and whether it is primary, sympathetic, or symptomatic; we must bear in mind also the constitution of the child, it's previous state of health, previous attacks, &c., &c. Immediately that the child is attacked, all tight bandages should be loosened, all pins removed, the dress made quite easy, and the child placed in a recumbent position, exposed to plenty of fresh air. If the gums be swollen or congested they must be freely lanced down to the teeth and beyond those teeth which are pressing forward. If not cut deeply or extensively enough very little relief will be afforded. After this the child should have a warm bath for a few minutes and then be carefully dried and wrapped in a warm blanket. If the attack be partial or slight, with long intervals, without much acceleration of the pulse or congestion about the face and head, the child will most certainly recover, but if they be general, with a quick pulse, great congestion, and a frequent repetition of the fit, the danger is very great.

LOFTY LESSONS FROM LOWLY HOMES.

ON Tuesday of last week, Mrs. Clara Balfour delivered a lecture at Bath on the above subject. The attendance was large. In introducing the subject, she said there was no one who would more readily admit than she did that they might have lofty lessons from lofty homes; that genius, and virtue, and piety did not belong to any particular class; but there were some external difficulties associated with the condition of those who were in a lowly station that were especially peculiar, that appealed to their sympathies, and if people surmounted these, if, having such a hard lot in life they made the best of it, and thus taught a wise and good lesson, all were benefited by learning that lesson. Their attention would be sure to be directed to the loftier lessons that had been given from the statelier and grander stations in life. Young people read histories and biographies with intense interest, and a grand and noble example among the upper classes would not be overlooked. It did sometimes, however, happen that the beautiful lessons of goodness and truth which might be found taught in humble life were overlooked. And if they read that large class of biographies which in modern times had commanded considerable attention, that of self-made men, she thought that their feeling usually had been that it was not so much the moral worth, but the Christian principles, which had made the characters of certain individuals. As to the special gifts with which those persons might be endowed, or the providential arrangements, the wondrous career that might open before them, all that they knew could not be imitated, but they knew that the qualities which made character estimable could be both imitated and emulated. She asked her audience then to go with her to a lowly dwelling, where a beautiful example of brotherly love was shown. It was the lowly home of a poor hand-loom weaver in Leeds, and the time she asked them to visit that dwelling was when the head of the family had been removed by death, and when the mother was sitting among her weeping children mourning over the loss of the husband and the father. She rose up with her youngest boy, a child of some six or seven years, in her arms; and she lifted him up to look into his father's coffin that the child might take a last glance of that face which never in life had he gazed on without seeing a responsive smile, without receiving a kind look. Said the mother as she gazed upon her departed husband, "He was a right honest man if ever there was one." That word "honest" sank deeply into the heart of the little boy on his mother's arm, and into that of another boy some seven years older who was standing at her side. The word "honest" in the phraseology of that poor woman meant more than people sometimes meant when they employed the word; it meant fidelity to duty, the right employment of time and the talents confided to them. But they would ask the name of this household? It was Milner; the little boy in the arms of his mother was Isaac, and the elder, standing by his father's coffin, was Joseph Milner. Mrs. Balfour next traced the career of these two boys, showed how Joseph assisted through life his younger brother, remarking of them that they were eminent for learning, eminent for wisdom, one especially, and certainly eminent for piety, but their brotherly love throughout their whole career was what they were most remarkable for. Joseph Milner died in the zenith of his life, leaving his "Church History" incomplete, having written only three volumes of it. It was left to Isaac, as the literary executor of his brother, to complete the work; and although there were some differences of opinion between them in after life upon recondite and metaphysical topics, yet their hearts beat true each to the other, the strong tie that nature knit at birth was rendered still stronger by the purity of their Christian principles, and by their reverence throughout all their early years for, and their filial duty to, their widowed mother. Time would fail were she to speak of the number of mothers in lowly homes who had set bright examples, who had blessed and benefited the world by the devotion they had manifested to their children; literary records were full of such instances. They were struck with the fact known to all, but never, familiar as it was, could it cease to be dear and instructive to them, that Philip Doddridge took his first lessons in Scripture from the Dutch tiles surrounding the fireplace, the subjects on the tiles being explained to him by his parent. And in after life Doddridge never failed to speak of the benefits he derived from the teaching of his beloved mother. It might be said that such incidents as these would be likely to cling to the mind of every child; but did they not know what had been done by example wholly apart from precepts, how mothers who had lived a wise and energetic life had been influential in promoting the interests of their children? Under this head Mrs. Balfour placed the case of Sir Humphry Davy; and for further instances she pointed to the records of artists, which furnished many beautiful lessons. As a rule, most of our artists had sprung from the masses of the people; many of them had been self-taught, and those who were not had had considerable difficulty to contend with at the outset of their careers. Among our sculptors there was one name that called up many kindly feelings and genial sympathies, that of John Flaxman, whose biography she recommended the careful reading of. Then there was George Stephenson, whose home, though it was the lowliest among the lowly, was irradiated by virtue, by order, and, as far as his father and mother were concerned, by piety. Mrs. Balfour also mentioned the lives of Grace Darling and Hannah Moore as calculated to teach most profitable lessons; and having given some valuable advice to the young, she remarked, in conclusion, that she had brought from lowly homes, from humble dwellings, a few scattered instances, rather as hints and suggestions, for trains of thought and plans of reading during the winter evenings. If they read biography as it should be read, they would read it not merely for the stimulus of the story, the pleasure of the catastrophe, or the wonder of the career, but because biography taught principles, showed those principles in action, and instructed by example. As they had all one human heart, as they had all immortal thoughts, and had one common home, the sorrows and joys, the sufferings and successes, the trials and triumphs of those who had lived and laboured in this world must of necessity be valuable to them, and if biographies were read in that sense they would find that each man's life was all men's lesson.

LIVERPOOL AND THE CHOLERA.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, a short time since, did honour to the people of Liverpool for the straightforward manner in which they made inquiry into the statistics of their own vice, crime, and mortality; and now it awards them a just meed of praise for the way in which they grappled with the late general outbreak of cholera amongst them. Surely Liverpool cannot be so black as many have painted it! While yet the scourge was elsewhere only whispered about with vague dread and unreasoning fear, the vestry commenced to mitigate as far as possible the severity of the expected outbreak, by providing a lazarhouse for the stricken, and for the decent and speedy burial of the dead. Though their workhouse system is in many respects excellent, they were not content to throw upon their ordinary organization extraordinary work. They therefore built, at an expense of 1,500*l.*, what they called "cholera-sheds;" in other words, an airy, well-ventilated temporary hospital, in which they placed an efficient staff of nurses and doctors, and for which they secured the services of a lady superintendent, thoroughly well qualified to organise such an establishment. To take the most selfish view of the matter, this timely expenditure must have saved ten times the amount; and the conduct of the vestry cannot be too highly commended to the notice of other towns.

ADVICES from Manchester state that the committee of that city have resolved to send out immediately 1,000 pairs of blankets for the use of the sufferers by the Quebec fire. These blankets will be a most valuable help in relieving the bitter distress now existing in Quebec, and the committee hope to receive further similar contributions. The subscriptions, including the donation of 100*l.* from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, amount to about 13,400*l.*

Lines for the Thoughtful.

COURTSHIP.

Win her with gifts if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind.
Shakespeare.

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.—*Shakespeare.*

FASHION.

We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one did so. Might not one imagine that superior beings do the same by us, and for exactly the same reason?—*Greville.*

GRIEF.

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
Dryden.

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow;
Who culls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.—*Moore.*

LOVE.

If changing cheek and scorching vein;
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain;
If bursting heart, and maddening brain,
And daring deed and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine.—*Byron.*

Thus Passion's fire and woman's art
Can turn and tame the stormer heart,
From these its form and tone are ta'en,
And what they make it, must remain,
Or break before it bend again.—*Byron.*

BEAUTY.

What is Beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No.
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.—*Sir A. Hunt.*

All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.—*Shakespeare.*

JEALOUSY.

Her maids were old, and if she took a new one
You might be sure she was a perfect fright;
She did this during even her husband's life—
I recommend as much to every wife.—*Byron.*

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

I WOULD raise her to a personal independence, adequate to relief from the exigencies of her state; and first I would so improve her education as more effectually to develope, invigorate, and discipline the faculties and functions of the mind; to fortify the soul against the seductions of forbidden pleasures, and to turn the current of reflection on the sober realities of time and eternity. Her education, at present shamefully limited and destitute of purpose, is even mischievous in its tendency, tantalizing with a frivolous show of intelligence, or loading the memory with an encumbering weight of obsolete learning. Instead of labouring to unfold her immortal powers; to impart a knowledge and command of herself, a taste for the study of natural and moral science; to graduate attention to the relative importance of things; to instil delicacy of sentiment and a vivid perception of intellectual excellence and moral beauty; to refine the sense, and to fill the soul for the rich and enlivening meditations of social and religious joys;—the warm, the glowing, the generous, and spontaneous burst of truth, as it springs in the young heart like the gush of its first love, is quenched in the frigid embrace of studied formalities and prosy text books.

A HINT FOR HUSBANDS.—A man's house should be his earthly paradise. It should be, of all other spots, that which he leaves with most regret, and to which he returns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his daily task to provide everything convenient for his wife. With every provision he can possibly make her's will be but a life of care and toil. She is the sentinel who can seldom, if ever, be relieved. Others can sleep, but if there be anyone who must watch it is she; she ought, therefore, to be furnished with every comfort within the means of her husband. Generally every shilling expended by the husband for the accommodation of his wife in her domestic operations is returned upon him fourfold, if not precisely in pecuniary advantage, though this is often true, it will be found in the order, peace, and happiness of his family.

THE use of horse-flesh in Paris, in spite of very strong feelings against it, is said to be making its way. There are now seven special slaughter-houses in Paris, selling, says M. Decroix, a veterinary surgeon, 20,000 kilogrammes (20 tons) a week; and there are, furthermore, six establishments for the manufacture of sausages, which the same gentleman declares to be equal to those of Lyons, which have so high a reputation. There are three restaurants, at least, where no other kind of meat is employed; and the soup made from horse-beef is sold at rather more than twopence a quart. The slaughter-houses are under the supervision of an experienced veterinary surgeon, who inspects the animals before they are killed and the meat afterwards. The best beasts come from Normandy; they are mostly old, but if left to rest a few days before being killed the meat is said to be good both in appearance and quality. The inferior parts, which make as good soup as the dearer portions, cost only about twopence a pound wholesale. Horse-meat is now also in use in Nancy, and an establishment is about to be opened at Lyons. M. Decroix says that, instead of the flesh being extremely hard and indigestible, as some people assert, it is, on the contrary, more wholesome and more nourishing, though not quite so agreeable to the taste. As regards the meat in general, he says that horse-flesh is to that of bullocks what seconds bread is to fine bread, not quite so palatable but more sustaining. Who of our readers are prepared to test it?

The Altar of Fashion.

WHAT IS WORN IN PARIS, WHAT WE WEAR IN LONDON, AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO WEAR.

IF Reform is at the present moment agitating the political world, and the expediency of franchise forming one of the questions of the day, the World of Fashion has gone to far greater extremes, bordering upon revolution. The French, who have overthrown dynasties, and dismissed monarchs like misbehaving servants, can arrange even the far more difficult arch-ruler of the fair sex, reduce "La Mode" suddenly to the most extreme situation, and settle the fiat of Fashion in an hour. With us it is different. There is a clinging conservatism about our women's hearts (with regard to petticoats) which, like an anchor, keeps them from drifting off in a current of absurdity—their grave and just terror being the Scylla and Charybdis of conspicuousness and eccentricity. Hence we are just now halting between two minds—reform of the absurdity of sweeping garments, and conservatism of the grace, elegance, and dignity of the train. Many brave, progressive spirits are already short-coated—more timorous and retiring natures—not to say deficient *understandings* (if our fair readers will, for once, pardon the pleasantry of a pun, and promise to forgive our presumption) cling to the long and gloriously sweeping habiliment. Whether it is elegant to have a yard or two of silk and satin dragging through the mire and refuse of a London street, or convenient to gather up one's garments in one's hands on a sloppy and pathless country road, are not now questions. Custom has long since decreed that skirts shall be suspended by one or other of the many contrivances invented, when either quitting the carriage, or, when, in the absence of such a convenience, walking becomes necessary. It is long since any but the lower orders of society have worried their flowing hems through wildernesses of mud, endangering the limbs of busy Commerce, as, represented by man, he hurries through crowded thoroughfares, struggling between jagged robes, and stumbling over common linsey or flimsy silk. The real point of debate is, Should skirts be continued in vogue which contain about a yard of material looped up in each breadth; or shall they really and at once be cut short? There can be no question that the short dress, for walking, is the neatest and most sensible. The looped skirt, if the wearer seats herself in a carriage, or, in a lower station of life, in some public vehicle, becomes creased and untidy in the many folds its suspension causes. For those whose humble position obliges them to brave all weather, nothing can be more foolish than looped skirts, which catch and hold quantities of rain water, to the serious danger of the wearer's health. It may be objected that fashions are made for the affluent and aristocratic. Undoubtedly they come to them in the first place; but society is so constituted that modes descend (and in the present day rapidly), like drops permeating the earth, through all ranks of community. The fine garden mould on the surface receives the first drops, fresh from the clouds; but the dregs, selfsame in character, penetrate down to the very strata of the soil. The lady commoner copies the peeress—the merchant's wife, the commoner—the tradesman's wife, the middle-class lady—the shop-girl, her employer—the servant-girl, her mistress; and six months after a mode has come into vogue in Mayfair, we find a ridiculous parody of it in Whitechapel. It may be as little like the original as the gorilla is to man—but there it is, the caricature, the rough outline, be it fitting or unfitting. Women fill a far more important place in life than they often imagine; their conduct and actions—especially their *dress*—influence large masses, of whom they rarely, or never, think. The duchess in her drawing-room, lightly adopting a becoming toilette, is setting an example that may tend to the health or disease of hundreds of humble sisters, and lead, to some extent, toward the morality or immorality of the nation. These are serious and grave thoughts—but they are truly feminine questions; they involve deep reflection, and need nobility of mind, as well as of title, to deal with them. It is quite true that there is absurdity in women of the middle rank of life apeing the style of princesses, or in young menials clothing themselves like their wealthy and unsoil-trammelled superiors. Things were ordered differently in the days of wise Queen Bess, when sumptuary laws prevailed; but arbitrary regulations cannot be made now to check the follies of the day. What is our duty of example is the question to us. We are far from arguing that inferiors should control the superiors—that, lest the beggar come to town in velvet, the countess shall assume cotton. No such thing need or ought to be; but that a sensible move may be made in dress is desirable. This brings us back again to our starting point. Are we to adopt the *robes courtes*, or retain the graceful form yet popular? In Paris the decision has been made, and though in many things the French are so often extravagant and absurd, good sense seems to have guided the helm at the present moment. It is decided that for the promenade the robe shall be short. Indoors, where a scanty raiment would be as cold as ungraceful, a longer, but not too exaggerated dress will be adopted. For dancing parties, dresses are worn which just clear the ground; but on occasions of ceremony, and visits of state, the full glory of the train is to be preserved. To meet the fashion, those who wish to be economical and make but few changes of toilette will have their suits made consisting of a petticoat, a moderately long skirt, short tunic, and out-door jacket. For walking, the short tunic will be worn over the petticoat; on returning, it will be replaced by the long skirt.

Peplums are extremely fashionable, and are worn with every kind of toilette, and upon every occasion. They either correspond with the dress, or with the trimming, or are made of some well-contrasted material. Velvet, satin, lace, silk, poplin, and even woollen fabrics have been pressed into the service. These are sometimes cut in with the high body, or added at the waist, under the band, or made in one, with a very *décolleté* bodice—better described as a straight-cut corslet, with epaulettes or braces. The latter are stylish and becoming to the figure, and can be worn very well either over a dress of the same material, or with a contrasting colour and fabric, or surmounting a muslin bodice. A very pretty one, recently submitted to our inspection, was made in black net, with a full basque not cut in vandykes, and richly trimmed with lace and jet. Most of the ball dresses have the addition of peplums. Those manufactured in lace are very elegant, whether worn transparent or mounted on silk, satin, or velvet; the former simple style is decidedly the preferable. Some of the peplums worn at the present time are cut with only a single point over the hip on each side, and when set into a band with braces, the band is extremely deep. Others have two side-pieces, almost oval, and a deep oval single piece at the back. We remember one dress in which the ordinary form of the peplum had been reversed, the long double points falling over the back and front breadths of the skirt, and the short pieces resting above the hips. In this costume the peplum was cut very deep, the long points reaching within half a yard of the hem of the skirt, and ending in long full tassels. Many of the peplums intended for evening toilettes are cut in the extremely *décolleté* manner described above, and worn over low bodices of fine muslin or lace, with very handsomely trimmed short sleeves and *berthes*. Where a belt is worn, it may be fastened by a single large flower or a cluster of smaller ones, corresponding with those placed in the hair. This is a substitution for a rosette, and looks exceedingly pretty. With the simple toilette of a young girl it is particularly effective.

A Gossip Amongst the Ladies About Shopping.

DESCRIBING ALL THE NOVELTIES IN DRESS, JEWELLERY, PERFUMES, CARDEAUX, GAMES, FURNITURE, DOMESTIC INVENTIONS, AND PATENTS, &c.,

(BY THE LATE SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO THE "QUEEN.")

IN commencing a series of articles of this kind, it is necessary to prefix a few words explanatory of their object and the spirit in which they are placed before the reader. Under the heading of "A Gossip Amongst the Ladies about Shopping," all the more prominent novelties that are displayed in the London Market will be sketched as graphically as possible, attention being especially given to the leading West-End houses and their most beautiful and choice productions, so that our columns will become a sort of pen and ink exhibition of art and industry. Smaller establishments and mediocre productions will not, however, by any means be excluded from our notice, nor the exposition of a cheap, useful, and popular class of manufactures be denied, provided always that they come under our notice and satisfy our judgment. On two important points our readers may with certainty rely—that we shall use every endeavour to keep them *au fait* in information of all novel productions in the way of dress, jewellery, games and amusements, and domestic inventions, &c.; and last, not least, we may assert that our statements will always be *bonâ fide* and perfectly unbiassed. Everything in the shape of a "puff" we shall most decidedly eschew and avoid, these notices being entirely free and optional on our part, and readily accorded to anyone who has aught new or excellent to introduce to notice; but it must not be forgotten, when, perhaps, we speak the language of encomium, that many of the things submitted to our attention, made expressly for Royalty, for foreign potentates, or for the richest members of the richest aristocracy in the world, are so costly and elegant in material and workmanship, that even a very high amount of verbal praise will barely do justice to the subject. When we state that on one occasion we held in our hands a locket not two inches square, formed of a single choice opal surrounded by diamonds, and valued at £4,000; at another moment, held a tray of unset brilliants, twelve in number, some emerald green, some pale yellow, but the majority white, each valued at £1,000; that only yesterday a necklace of single diamonds, set quite plainly, value £4,000, was exhibited for our inspection; and to-day we were handling some of the finest *imitation* pearls ever made, and for which £10 a row was asked as a fair price, it is not difficult to suppose that articles of exquisite beauty and extreme elegance are constantly in array awaiting the fiat of our judgment. The last-named ornament, the imitation pearls, were all about the size of peas, and so beautifully made that it would be almost impossible for the best judge to tell them from real ones; not two were alike; we were indebted for a sight of them to Mons. V. Givry, who is, we believe, the sole agent for them. Such articles are not unfrequently purchased and worn on a single string by young ladies on their presentation at Court.

One of the greatest novelties in material at the present time is the adoption of plush for dresses. The kind used is of a very superior quality, and the robe entirely composed of it. The effect is extremely rich and beautiful, shading and glistening in innumerable folds; and, strange to say, the more it is creased, the more effective it becomes. A morning dress of this sort which attracted our notice was cut from a piece of the beautiful vivid violet shade newly introduced. The form was shaped *à la Princesse*, with wide hanging sleeves, open in front, and lined throughout with quilted white silk, the entire robe trimmed round with a very broad Cluny insertion. The Alexandra blue plush has a still more dazzling appearance than the violet. Patent velvet, Spitalfields manufacture, is having a considerable sale at the present moment. A certain golden brown shade, and also a violet, make up most effectively. Some of these have been purchased by members of the Royal Family, and two European Queens have thought them good enough for their own use. Messrs. Howell and James are promoting the sale of the patent velvet, as well as introducing the plush toilette just named. This firm are trimming their rep and velveteen dresses chiefly with a broad mohair braid, supplemented by a very fine braid describing a pattern. Jet beads are introduced into many trimmings, and the garniture is almost invariably carried down the breadths, ending in a medallion, or fan-shaped piece, eight or nine inches above the hem. A striking costume made in very fine French grey rep seems worthy of a detailed notice. The skirt is very much gored, every breadth edged with half-inch-wide black velvet, with a scarlet piping visible beyond it. The seams are not stitched together, but fastened by very large ivory buttons, a handy adjustment, enabling the wearer to loop the dress for walking. The body, trimmed and buttoned to match, resembles a waistcoat in front, and has the coat basque behind. Over this a short paletot for walking is assumed. It is sleeveless, lined throughout with scarlet, and buttoned together on the shoulders. That Messrs. Howell and James annex to the mercery and toilette business a very large one both in first-class articles suitable for presents, in timepieces, in jewellery, and in plate is, we believe, known to all the world. At the present moment space compels us to give only a few of the most leading features of the new things for the season submitted to our inspection on our last visit to the house. In subsequent numbers we shall be able to mention many more that are deserving of detail. Amongst the articles designed for presents, is a novel stand for photographs. In a morocco case about nine inches by twelve, lined with royal blue velvet, a rustic gate is discovered, well modelled in fine ormulu, and marked in letters of blue enamel, with the ordinary directions, "Please shut the gate." This device opens in the centre like a door, disclosing four spaces for full-sized *cartes de visite*. One like this has already met with a Royal purchaser.

A Holbein necklace, very unique in design, is a decided novelty in jewellery. To a fine gold chain a pendant, looking like a single jewel, is affixed. On inspection it will be perceived that this ornament consists of a large carbuncle, with a broad flat border set with crysolites at intervals, and having a pattern in red and green enamel between. A small drop composed of a cluster of four crysolites hangs from the large pendant. A pair of earrings accompany the *collier*, and are manufactured exactly like the pendant, but not so large in size. Messrs. Howell and James have recently had their establishment entirely renovated, and partially rebuilt; the premises are very spacious, well arranged, and connected by wide staircases, and covered with soft carpets, as most of the leading shops now are; indeed we could scarcely point out more than one exception to this rule in first-class establishments. We must again, par parentheses, beg our readers to receive our assurance that in giving descriptive details in our chit-chatty style, we are not actuated by any ulterior motive or desire to render the present column an advertisement; there is so much now done in that way, that we are obliged to explain our intentions to avoid misinterpretation.

At Madame Givry's (late Melnotte's), some very pretty veils suitable for the present moment came under our notice. And here we will digress a moment, as it is our object to have a social chit-chat with our readers on all such subjects, and to give them every information in our power; informing the younger members of the family circle what sort of shops those we name are, and for what they are specially noted. Information of this kind is interesting to some Londoners, but more so to those located in the country, who are unable often to visit the magazines they hear of. Melnotte's stores very many years since, obtained a world-wide reputation, and are still the most elegant that can be purchased. Several imitators have arisen, spelling their names *Melnarute*, or *Melnote*, or in any other similar way to avoid detection. In the provinces persons pretend to be agents for Melnotte; but we are assured, on good authority, that the present establishment in Bond-street is the only one where those articles on which ladies seem to have set a certain value can be obtained. Madame Givry's establishment is exclusively on the first floor, and includes an assortment of first-class bijouterie, fans, lingerie, artificial pearls, parasols, &c. There are three or four spacious rooms communicating on the floor, each one devoted to its separate branch of commodities. The veils we named above are some of them square over the face, supplemented by a rounded piece over the bonnet, and lappets tied under the chin. Others are simply a fall for the face mounted on a spring, and lappets tying over the ribbon strings. Another variety consists of a round, with another smaller round on the top, and lappets. These can be worn as a cap; or mounted on a black net, or a velvet shape, be converted into bonnets. Small squares of black lace bugled are also sold. These are fixed on the head by pins or fancy jet combs, for an evening toilette, or may be mounted on velvet for bonnets. To achieve this, a flat shape need only be plainly covered with velvet, and a flower added within, or perhaps arranged backward from the face, mingled with loops of velvet along the side of the lace square. Cut jet ornaments are immensely in fashion at the present moment. These articles are not really formed of jet, which does not admit, from its brittle nature, of so much cutting, and is less brilliant; but they are very glittering, well made, not by any means cheap, and, best of all—the fashion. Small side combs with ornamental tops of this kind are much worn, tastefully arranged in the mass of hair raised over the brow. A design of wheat ears or acacia leaves is very well adapted for this purpose. Diamond-shaped earrings formed of a sort of lattice work, and fringed, are graceful. These jet ornaments are not very new, but still continue to be more worn than anything else. Jet ornaments accord very well with dark eyes and hair and the clear complexion of a *brune;* and they have a certain quiet elegance thus consorted that is elegant and tasteful. On the person of a perfect blonde, jet must always produce a happy contrast and somewhat striking effect.

Messrs. Jay's mourning warehouse, at the corner of Regent-street, adjacent the Oxford-Circus, is another well known and very large establishment. The name, like that of Howell and James, is familiar to a past as well as a present generation. The shop itself is another of the palaces of commerce thickly studding London streets. The premises are extensive, and decorated very expensively and artistically, the walls covered with green and red cloth in panels framed by gold beading, and the supporting columns rich in coloured and gold arabesques. But we hurry on from these details, interesting only to the few uninitiated, or, may be, to readers of a future generation, who may search our columns, then preserved in dusty tomes in the British Museum, for facts connected with the state of trade in the year of Grace 1866-7,—we pass over this, to describe what will interest ladies at the present moment far more—the prevailing modes. The Messrs. Jay have been very happy in promoting the introduction of short skirts, a number of which, chiefly in black, have come under our notice. In first assuming so complete a change, ladies seem anxious to have their toilette in the most quiet and unconspicuous of all hues; for though violets, white, and various shades of grey are permissible in *demi deuille*, black has been singled out for *les robes courtes*. Fine rep and poplinettes are the most popular materials, trimmed with stout braid, and ornamented with jet beads. Some skirts are vandyked in the tunic, the short out-door jacket being cut to correspond. Others are embattled, some scalloped, and a few straight. The jupon is invariably constructed with a broad hem and straight bands of trimming.

The Russian suits are decided novelties, with a certain amount of style about them. These comprise astrakan short out-door jackets, muffs and hats, all *en suite*. We will describe one or two in detail, the better to bring them before the mind's eye of our readers. The first is white, with small closely curled hair, dotted all over with cut jet beads

the size of peas. It is edged round by a deep astrakan, or as some call it, goat's-hair, fringe. The muff is covered like the jacket, the deep fringe being added in a double row at the edges, so as to fall gracefully over the hands. The hat has a crown and very slight brim. It is outwardly covered to correspond with the jacket, and at one side a plume of the long hair fringe is fastened. Another similar suit is formed of black astrakan, of the uncurled fur, somewhat resembling seal-skin at first sight. This also is fringed by the long-haired astrakan.

Scotch goods of all kinds have received great patronage from Royalty for many years, and are almost more favoured than ever. This they deserve, for though certainly not low priced, in the first instance, they are the most durable, and the warmest and lightest woollen goods procurable. Under Royal patronage the Scotch manufactures have very greatly improved. Woollen stockings may be specially named as produced in perfection; being not only as fine as floss silk, but undistinguishable to the eye from that material, as delicate to the touch, and in the brightest tints of scarlet, blue, violet, &c. Some peculiar and stylish mixtures consist of a speckle of emerald green, orange, white and black, that have a rich effect like a butterfly's wings, the combination of colour reminding us of the sphynx named the "Oriental Emperor," a native of Germany. They are out of the common, but by no means conspicuous, and have sold well already. They are in ribbed knitting. Mauve, green, black and white, is a very well assorted speckle. Stockings, both ribbed and plain, in vecuna wool, the natural colour, also in delicate fawn shade, are very ladylike and useful; moreover, being undyed, they cannot be washed out, and will wear longer. These Scotch manufactures are put forward by Messrs. M'Dougall, of Sackville-street, Piccadilly; also the new tweed serges, and tweed reps. Amongst the latter, the Dagmar cloth is new and handsome, and suited for opera mantles, having a sort of Oriental look, and filling out well from the shoulders, to which soft materials, such as cachemire, are apt to cling and give a high angular appearance; the ground is pure white, with rainbow stripes of many colour at wide intervals. Petticoats, also, may be made of this, and children's skirts. The Scotch linseys are now extremely fine in texture, and the shades of colour are much brighter this season. Some resembling fine reps or poplinettes, with a silk stripe woven in, are handsome materials for winter costume; a brown—a sort of warm Byron brown—with narrow gold-coloured stripes was amongst the prettiest of those we examined. "The Alexandra Jacket," made in warm tweed, has been expressly designed for Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. It is in the form of a short Byron jacket, very nicely shaped.

The floral jewellery is a very pretty ornamentation, especially suitable for ladies from eighteen to thirty years of age, for evening wear. It is elegant and decorative. The combs for the hair have, depending from them clusters of most beautifully-made artificial flowers and leaves, hanging thickly over the chignon. White may blossoms, with crystal petals and small green leaves, are very pretty; some may prefer a mass of blue forget-me-nots, or pink pompon roses in the midst of emerald foliage. For the toilette of a young bride, delicate cream-tinted orange-blossom is very tempting. Brooches and earrings of flowers accompany the combs, the former being formed of a nicely-arranged spray; the latter of a flower, pendant, or several blossoms lightly arranged into form.

The marine model rooms at South Kensington are soon to be re-opened to visitors, in consequence of the clearance of the late Portrait Exhibition.

The Civil List Pensions recently granted by Her Majesty include the names of several ladies. Mrs. Carpenter is to receive £100 a-year on account of the services of her husband, the late Mr. Carpenter, as keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, and of her own merit as a portrait painter; Mr. Sykes, £75 a-year on account of the services of her husband, the late Mr. Godfrey Sykes, to the industrial arts of the country and to the Museum at South Kensington; Mrs. Coulton, £75 on account of the literary merits of her husband, the late Mr. David Coulton; and the Misses Mary and Georgiana Craik £30 a-year each, in consideration of the services of their father, the late Dr. Craik, as Professor of History and English Literature in the Queen's College, Belfast.

The number of London theatres, says the *Orchestra*, which have succumbed to the flames within the last 28 years is eight. On the 8th June, 1841, Astley's was burnt down, during the management of Messrs. Ducrow and West; on the 4th November, 1846, the Garrick, during the management of Messrs. Conquest and Somersall; on the 29th March, 1849, the Olympic, during the management of Mr. Davidson and Captain Spicer; on July 27th, 1853, the Islington Circus; on February 13th, 1856, the Pavilion, Whitechapel; on March 5th, in the same year, Covent Garden opera-house. These, together with the two theatres destroyed in the last two years—the old Surrey and the Standard—swell the list of fatal fires to eight.

DR. E. MARY WALKER'S LECTURE.

As announced, Dr. Mary Walker lectured on Tuesday evening in the St. James's Hall. The spacious building was crowded in the extreme; the prices of seats ranging from 7s. downwards. The gallery at the end of the room was especially thronged, and reports say that there were among the number many medical students and others who had determined, if possible, to have some fun. In the interval preceding the commencement of the lecture, the utterances of the gallery took a musical turn—"John Brown," "Free and Easy," "Jolly Dogs," and other songs admitting of an effective chorus, being rendered with spirit, and hailed at the close with vociferous cheers. A policeman was sent upstairs with the object of moderating the fervour of the singers but for some time he was unsuccessful in his mission. A gentleman, understood to be Mr. Nimmo, the manager of the lecture, appealed to the audience to give a patient hearing to Dr. Walker, who, though labouring under a severe cold, would do her best to make her remarks audible. Apparently desiring to rest as little as possible on the mere professional *status*, Mr. Nimmo backed his request by stating that Dr. Walker was the wearer of a war medal conferred by her own Government for distinguished service, and by urging that as a lady she was entitled to a courteous hearing. Perfect silence having been obtained in answer to this appeal, the lady ascended the platform. She is of a slight and almost boyish figure, the boyish aspect being strengthened by the circumstance that her hair was braided, drawn tightly off the forehead, and so gathered together behind as to look as little feminine as possible. In commencing the lecture she addressed the audience as "Gentlemen and ladies," and said that in the remarks which she was about to offer upon three eras in the life of a female physician, the difficult and delicate task must be approached of talking a good deal about herself, and incidently of her own achievements. She was one of those who thought it better and easier to live out their own individual lives, and to use the powers specially bestowed upon them, than to live according to other people's notions—to live, in fact, the lives of other persons. More than 15 years ago she resolved thus to do her whole duty to humanity, as she comprehended it, leaving the results to care for themselves. Her own approval of her own conduct was worth more to her than the applause of all the world would be without such self-approval. At 17 years of age she entered the seminary, where large classes of both sexes were held, and among her two greatest troubles were the reproaches levelled at the supposed immodesty of desiring to be present at operations, and the perpetual worry attendant on long dresses. The lecturer dwelt very fully on the successive stages of opposition which she had encountered and surmounted, putting the objections very often in the identical words in which they had been advanced and in language so homely and appropriate that these objections were adopted and made their own by a section of the audience; others, again, anxious for a fair hearing of the lecturer, doing their best to drown the interruptions. At the lyceum, she said, when she attended the classes with two other ladies, many of the male students threatened to secede, but did not do so. The other ladies discussed the subject of dress freely with her, but did not like to make themselves remarkable, declaring that it was no use to go against the fashion. For her own part she brought with her several short dresses and "pantalettes;" but the drawback to the latter was that they had to be changed so often in muddy weather. She had been anxious to volunteer for service in the Crimean hospitals, but the war closed too speedily. She therefore devoted herself to private practice among women and children, only attending husbands at the special request of their own wives. The practice which she acquired might be attributed to various causes. Some employed her because she lived near them; some because she made her toilette quicker than the gentlemen; some because they liked her personally; and some because they believed it to be the true position of a woman to be a physician to her own sex. It was a fact, admitting of no denial, that long dresses were killing women; doctors knew the facts well, but as long as stays and long dresses were worn in their own households they could not compel their patients to abandon them. The Bloomer movement all but died out some years ago, because the ladies who favoured it then were for the most part incapable of appreciating and explaining the physiological, hygienic, and moral bearings of the question. If the petticoat were cut one way the lady was accused of a desire to show her ankles; if in another, of "looking like a squaw." Ridicule, however, could be overcome by patience. There was a time when any man was laughed at for carrying an umbrella.

The concluding part of the lecture, when the lady came to refer to the Civil War, and the part she took in it, was constantly interrupted by the noise in the hall. The close of the address, however, was hailed with a burst of applause, which lasted several minutes. The *Times*, in commenting upon the lecturer, remarked:—"In reciting particular passages, she acted upon Shakespeare's advice, 'to suit the action to the word, the word to the action,' to an extent approaching formality, but frequently read for some minutes without using any gesture at all. She spoke, however, with a strong American accent. As regards *physique*, it is plain that Dr. Walker's frame has been subjected to hardships perhaps in excess of its powers of resistance. That consideration increased the regret which every-one must have felt that a lady should be exposed to constant and by no means mannerly interruptions. At the same time a lady who comes forward to claim 'perfect equality' with men occupies a different footing from other ladies."

THE PRINCESS DAGMAR.

The subject of the present notice is the second daughter of the King and Queen of Denmark, and younger sister of the Princess of Wales, whom she accompanied to England upon the occasion of the latter's marriage. Those who witnessed the entry of the Princess Alexandra into the metropolis, were all greatly impressed with the attractiveness of both the sisters, and opinion was pretty equally divided in favour of each. They are greatly alike, but the Princess Dagmar's expression is perhaps a trifle graver than that of our own Princess. She is a blended likeness of her father and mother.

Her own innocent and amiable character, with the circumstance of her being betrothed successively to two brothers, strikingly different in education and manners, with the rapid transfer of her engagement from one to the other, cannot fail to elicit the sympathy of every true woman, which is increased by her relationship to our Royal Family, and the destiny she will be called upon to fulfil in Russia. But policy seldom stops for love. We augur, however, the most beneficial influence upon the future happiness of the young pair from the high moral and personal qualities which characterise the King of Demark's family.

On the 30th of last month the Princess was confirmed in the Russian Greek Faith, the ceremony taking place in the Chapel of the Winter Palace. The Nicolas Hall was crowded with officers, and all the nobility and public functionaries were present, with the representatives of the commercial class. The Emperor conducted Princess Dagmar to the Metropolitan, and the ceremony began. Simply dressed in a robe of white satin edged with swandown, without either veil or ornament of any kind upon her head, the future Grand Duchess stood before the altar, and in a clear, firm voice, with a pure accent, delivered the necessary responses. After the confirmation, her Royal Highness, who will henceforth be called Mary Feodorowna, received the Holy Communion; and when the service was concluded, the procession left the church, a pink ribbon round the neck of the Princess showing that, according to the custom of the faith she had newly embraced, she now wore the Greek cross.

Her public betrothal to the Czarewitch was an occasion of equal ceremonial, and the splendid halls were filled by crowds who had received invitations. Though called a ball, there was no dancing, but only a *polonaise*, in which the Emperor and all the Imperial family took part, retiring at the somewhat antediluvian hour of ten o'clock. Nor was this incident less characteristic than the arrangement of the Grand theatrical *fêtes* given in honour of the Princess. These were entrusted to Count Adlerberg, who in his over-zealousness made two terriole blunders. The first was his causing a card to be printed and distributed among the guests, in which they were reminded that the Court etiquette forbids any applause on the entrance of the Emperor, or during the performance. The second was the selection as the first piece of the first act of the "Africaine," in which Inez is forced to marry a man she does not love. As the theatre was full of people who knew the Court etiquette as well as Count Adlerberg, the notice on the cards was interpreted as a delicate hint that the Emperor desired absolute silence to be maintained while he was present. This was far from being either the wish or the expectation of His Majesty, who, it is said, was so convinced that when the Princess came in she would have an enthusiastic reception, that he warned her beforehand not to be too much alarmed on hearing the cheers with which she would be sure to be greeted. It is easy to imagine the disappointment and surprise of both the Emperor and the Princess when, after leaving the streets, where they had been accompanied by a shouting and enthusiastic crowd, they entered their box, and made their bow to the audience in the midst of a chilling silence. Then came the inopportune performance of the first act of the "Africaine," which was followed by the national hymn, usually greeted with loud hurrahs, but which on this occasion did not elicit the smallest mark of sympathy from the audience. After the performance, the Emperor severely reprimanded Count Adlerberg for his want of *savoir faire*, and it is even said that he will be removed from office.

The natural kindness of her heart, as well as the love she bears her country, is evinced by the Princess Dagmar's intention to present, on the occasion of her marriage, a dowry to eight portionless Danish girls who may be married during the next three months. The readers of The Lady's Own Paper have, doubtless, read before this, in the pages of our contemporaries, the account of the wedding; nothing could be more magnificent. We are told that "The northern Palmyra witnessed this day a national event, in the celebration of which the splendour of the West vied with the gorgeousness of the East. It may be said that human eyes never before saw a spectacle more dazzling. In a word, the Winter Palace presented a spectacle so abounding in gorgeousness, magnificence, diversity, and contrasts, that it surpassed even the most imaginative pages of the 'Arabian Nights.' But if the eye was dazzled, all hearts were also content.

The Grand Duke, successor to the throne, is rather stout for his age, with a good share of will and resolution stamped upon his youthful face. Like a rose growing in the shadow of an oak, Princess Dagmar stood beside him. Her lovely features were animated by excitement, and in her eyes shone clearly the hope of future happiness. On her dark locks rested a crown of priceless diamonds, graceful and light as a wreath or a chaplet of flowers. A superb brooch, if a jewel covering nearly the whole upper part of the bodice can be called so, glistened on her breast. Her robe was of white moire-antique, and her train, carried by four chamberlains, of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine."

The gorgeous ceremonial of the Greco-Russian Ritual was carried out to its full extent, and some of the questions put by the Metropolitan must have been sufficiently searching. For example, the anthem being finished, the Metropolitan said, "Alexander Alexandrowitch, hast thou a good and unrestrained will and firm intention to take unto thee to wife this woman, Mary Feodorowna, whom thou seest here before thee?" The Czarewitch answered, "I have, most Reverend Sir." The Metropolitan continued, "Hast thou not promised any other woman?" and the bridegroom answered, "I have not promised another." Similar questions were then put to the bride, who made identical responses. Those must be rather exceptional cases in Royal life which can comply with all the significant implications of the question. The ceremony of the presentation of the holy picture and of the bread and salt usual in the Russian Church, was performed at the Annitchkov Palace, the future residence of the Czarewitch and his august bride; Court etiquette, it is said, not allowing it to be carried out as in ordinary cases.

We regret to learn that the young wife has been so severe a sufferer from bronchitis as to cause interruption to the festivals instituted in her honour; but her illness is expected to be merely temporary. The jewels presented to her have been truly royal, and the allowance granted to her by Russia and increased by the promises of Denmark has been upon the most liberal scale. As to the political importance of the marriage, it is well illustrated by the address made to the Prince of Wales by the English residents in St. Petersburg, and his answer; and our readers will no doubt have already wished success to nuptials completing the alliance of Denmark with the two most powerful European thrones. In this respect the good fortune of the Danish King forms a happy contrast with his political misfortunes, while the union must interest all Englishmen, as involving the fate of a charming Princess, whose sister has won the regard of the country, and materially affecting the future interests of three great kingdoms.

PORTRAIT OF MISS BRADDON.

Our next number will contain a Portrait of Miss M. E. Braddon, the popular author of "Lady Audley's Secret," and Editor of "Belgravia." The popularity of this lady is so world-wide, that we think the portrait will not fail to be welcomed by our country subscribers.

Athenæa.

In the *Art Journal* for November is an admirable paper on Maria Edgeworth, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. They truly remark concerning her that if ever there was a life, from the commencement to the close, that would bear the strictest scrutiny, it was hers. "It was not only blameless, but faultless; ruled by the sternest sense of rectitude; emphatically *useful* almost from the cradle to the grave." Not only did she write largely, but her biographers think we are probably indebted to her for the Waverley novels, for it is "avowed by Scott that he was prompted by the example of Miss Edgeworth to a desire to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland."

Among the many beautiful works in hand for Christmas, and some of which are said to have been in preparation ever since last January, are a few deserving special notice. Messrs. Bell and Daldy have published "The Great Works of Raphael," and "The Memorials of Mulready," illustrated by photographs, at two guineas each; also Birket Foster's "Summer Scenes," and Dr. Dyer's "Ruins of Pompeii," at 31s. 6d. each. Gustave Doré's fertile genius has been busy on Tennyson's "Elaine;" and the Brothers Dalziel have lent the charm of their pencil to Miss Ingelow's "Poems," "Wayside Poesies," and "Touches of Nature." The three latter are published at a guinea.—Smith and Elder have been selecting the sketches of Millais, Leighton, and Walker from the *Cornhill*, and have published them in three half-guinea vols.—Other publishers are equally busy, and altogether the festive season promises to be more than usually prolific of good things.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, editor of the *Athenæum*, who has just returned from a four months' tour in the United States of America, in conjunction with Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, has in hand a work to be entitled "New America." It is said the author will have a good deal to say about Mormons, Shakers, Jumpers, Freelovers, &c.

BROTHER, COME HOME.

Come home!
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep;
Would I could wing it like a dove to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody—
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine.
Come where fond thoughts, like holiest incense rise;
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine—
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Come to the heart-stone of thy earlier days;
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove;
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love—
Brother, come home!

Come home!
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of Spring;
Watched every germ the full blown flowerets rear—
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly Winter brings
Its icy garland, and thou art not here—
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep—
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With those unwearying words of melody—
Brother, come home!

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—WINTER DRAMATIC SEASON.—Manager, Mr. Edmund Falconer. Every Evening (under permission), will be presented a NEW DRAMA, by Edmund Falconer, entitled, "OONAGH; or, THE LOVERS OF LISNAMONA." The New Scenery by Messrs. Danson and Sons. The Music composed and arranged by Mr. W. C. Levey, Director and Conductor of Orchestra. The Groupings and Dances arranged by Mr. Conway Byrne. The Performances will commence at Seven o'clock precisely, with the Farce of "NO;" after which (to commence at Half-past Seven), the NEW DRAMA. Prices of Admission: Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. upwards; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s. Second Circle, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at Half-past Six; to commence at Seven. Box-office office open daily from Ten until Five.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Vining. EVERY EVENING, at 7 o'clock, a DRAMA, in Four Acts, founded on the Popular Tale by Charles Dickens, Esq., entitled, BARNABY RUDGE; adapted to the Stage, and expressly for this Theatre, by Messrs. Watts Phillips and Vining. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Miss Augusta Thompson, Mrs. Henry Vining, Mrs. Charles Horsman, and Miss Katherine Rodgers; Messrs. S. Calhaem, Ryder, Villiers, J. G. Shore, H. Forrester, Charles Horsman, Shepherd, H. Mellon, C. H. Fenton, W. R. Robins, Chapman, &c. Act 1. The Mystery: Act 2. The Recognition: Act 3. The Riots; Act 4. Caught at Last. Entirely New Scenery by Mr. F. Lloyds, and Music by Mr. Charles Hall. The Drama produced under the Stage direction of Mr. Vining. To conclude with a favourite FARCE.

FAUST. — Notwithstanding the unparalleled success which has attended the production of this Play, Mr. CHATTERTON begs to call the attention of the Public to the fact that it CAN ONLY BE PERFORMED every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and up to December 13th, in consequence of the immense preparation necessary for the production of the Grand Christmas Pantomime on Boxing Night (Wednesday), Dec. 26. THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT'S ENGAGEMENT will positively terminate on Friday, Dec. 12.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening (SATURDAY) will be produced a NEW BURLESQUE on the Play of FAUST.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—This elegant and fashionable Theatre nightly crowded to witness Oxenford's delightful Comedy, NEIGHBOURS. The great Strand Burlesque, DER FREISCHUTZ; and BOOTS AT THE SWAN.—The above entertainments supported by Messrs. Parselle, Belford, D. James, T. Thorne, Turner, G. Murray, C. Fenton, Collette, Fredericks, and F. Robson; Mesdames Swanborough, M. Simpson, F. Hughes, E. Johnstone, Weathersby, Lee, and Raynham. Secure your seats at the Box-office.

HOLBORN THEATRE.—Boucicault's great Drama of FLYING SCUD received nightly with the greatest enthusiasm. Seats may be secured a week in advance.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, with MR. JOHN PARRY, in their highly successful entertainment, entitled, "A YACHTING CRUISE;" to be followed by the "WEDDING BREAKFAST," by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturday), at 8; Saturday only at 3.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street. Unreserved Seats, 1s.; Stalls, 2s.; Stall Chairs, 5s. Stalls can now be secured without fee. The Gallery has been entirely re-decorated, and is now ventilated on an improved system.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S RECITALS OF PIANOFORTE and VOCAL MUSIC.—"EVENINGS AT THE PIANOFORTE," as given repeatedly in St. James's Hall. Vocalists—Miss Banks, Miss Robertine Henderson, Madame Weiss, Madame Gilardoni, Miss Palmer, &c.—Applications for Performances in London and the Provinces should be addressed, 15, Albert-street, Gloucester-gate, N.W.

ARTEMUS WARD.—EGYPTIAN HALL.—EVERY EVENING (Saturday excepted) at 8 P.M. Doors open at half-past 7. Saturday Afternoon at 3.—Owing to the great success of ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE MORMONS, seats should be secured early at the Box Office; at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; or at Austin's Ticket Office at St. James's Hall.

MADAME STODARE, widow of the late Colonel Stodare, begs to announce that the THEATRE OF MYSTERY, Egyptian Hall, is NOW OPEN for the Season. Madame Stodare will have the honour to give the "Sphinx," "Marvel of Mecca," and "Basket Trick," assisted by Mr. Firbank Burman (pupil of the late Colonel Stodare), in Colonel Stodare's Royal Entertainment of Magic. Admission, 3s. and 2s.; stalls, 3s., which may be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, from ten till five; and at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.—Mr. James Weaver, Manager.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE LAWS.

Among the antiquated laws and customs, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of some of the smaller German States which will be abolished on their annexation to Prussia, not the least curious are those relating to marriage. In Electoral Hesse no man was allowed to marry if under twenty-two years of age, and no women if under eighteen. The result of this somewhat severe law was that while in other countries girls try to make people believe they are "sweet seventeen" for many years after they have left school, the Hessian young ladies often declare themselves to be eighteen years old long before they have reached that age. The Prussian authoritigs, however, will change all that, the law of Prussia making making the minimum marriageable age eighteen for a man and fourteen for a woman. In Wurtemburg men are not allowed to marry under twenty-five, except by special dispensation. A curious law, said to date from the time of the Visigoths, also exists in that country, forbidding any woman to marry a man twelve years younger than herself. In the other German States similar anomalies occur. Thus in Saxony, the minimum marriageable age for a man is twenty-one; for women there is no restriction. In Austria a boy of fourteen may marry a girl of twelve; while in Baden, marriages where the bridegroom is under twenty-five, or the bride under eighteen, are not allowed, unless sanctioned by the police authorities.

MR. EDMUND SHARPE has presented to the British Museum a statue of the son of Rameses the Second, about four feet high. It is in a good state of preservation, and is a beautiful specimen of Egyptian art.

The Letter Basket.

MRS. S. WARD writes to know when the first number of THE LADY'S OWN PAPER will be issued; and whether it is to be "all stories," like so many ladies' papers that have been lately issued? As our Prospectus sets forth, we intend the present undertaking to be a genuine newspaper, containing every scrap of news and information fit to meet the feminine eye. Coarse subjects will not be introduced, so we do not intend to cater for depraved tasts. One or more stories will be added to impart a zest, but not to the detriment of more solid diet. Fashions, and other feminine topics, will be discussed. Our "Gossip Amongst the Ladies about Shopping" is likely to prove very attractive, especially amongst country subscribers, as it will fully depict nearly all the novelties of London, and may be relied on as a faithful statement. Every subject of especial interest and moment to the most enlightened and superior amongst the gentler sex will be fully discussed.

LADY FANNY M.—It seems that our advertisements have attracted some notice, since we have already received several letters from the first numbers of the reading world. A lady of experience, position, and high moral standing will undertake the entire correspondence relating to fashions, etiquette, and confidential communications. These should be addressed to "The Editress," in contradistinction to the "Editor," who will receive more general applications.

ETHEL, R. S.—Contributions of poetry will receive due notice if up to our standard. We cannot undertake to return rejected verses. Keep copies.

HOUSE-BIRD.—Domestic receipts, if good, are very welcome. It is our desire to invite all such contributions, if they are the results of real experience. An interchange between subscribers will be attended with mutual satisfaction.

EDINBURGH.—We intend to form a column for exchanges, and also for mutual correspondence, upon the same plan as in another paper successfully established by us, "Edinburgh" will search much by searching our columns. We are always happy to invite correspondence.

EVERARD.—You ask what is wanted in verse, and how you are to select any pieces to forward for inspection? Our chief requirement, beyond correct versification, is a healthy tone, and some originality. Byronic sentiment is bygone. We are not proud of describing our miseries nowadays, or complaining of the world; "Paddle your own Canoe," "The Village Blacksmith," and "There's a good time Coming," embody the spirit of the age: and a right hearty nervous spirit it is. We do not, however, eschew all sentimental and pathetic compositions. They are good at intervals, and some of them are sweet.

In reply to our witty contemporary, *Punch*, who enquires whether the LADIES' OWN PAPER is tinted or curl paper, we beg to say it is the last, as the ladies intend always to carry it in their heads.

THE
Lady's Own Paper.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

PROLOGUE.

LADIES! whose power our sex so well acknowledges
As o'en to dread your rivalry in colleges:
In the world's history you've played chief parts,
Though not, 'till now, as graduates in arts;
We hail your influence in all positions,
Nor grudge diplomas to you as physicians.
What if sometimes, for mischief nothing loth,
Dan Cupid wounds doctor and patient both?
Soft eyes and tender touch, work great effect,
And few can such restoratives reject;
For who would not his pains and ills endure,
If woman be but near to work his cure?

Once a mere dressed-up doll, with pretty face,
Her conversation, tinsel as her face:
Or to her sampler, or her lute confined,
Her beauty worshipp'd, but half starved her mind;
Sad was her fate!—If genius poured its store
Of wit upon her, she was deemed a bore.
Away the empty-headed coxcomb flew
At first discovery of how much she knew!
An ornament, a toy, was all he wanted,
But fear'd the gifts which education granted;
How changed the present! Now at length we see
Woman assuming her true dignity:
No more a cipher in creation's plan,
She seeks her sphere as true "help meet" for man!
Tender as ever, with her heart as warm,
Fresh graces play around her loving form.
Does she less please, because with myriad dyes
Thought lights each her soul, or sparkles in her eyes?
Is she less happy, if her well spent powers
Sustain a parent's life, or gild the hours
Of sickness, penury, with age allied,
By modes of labour hitherto untried?
Who, when youth's pass'd, and all her charms are gone,
Would bear the fate of an old Simpleton?
Whose hours, spun out in tattle and *ennui*,
Boast three events, her breakfast, dinner, tea!
No! like the vine, which clinging beauty throws
O'er the hard rock, let life's severest woes
Be charm'd away by her whose converse fills
The heart with joy—pure as the vine distils!

For woman's cause, then, here our columns meet,
To lay each mental treasure at her feet.
Whatever can instruct, amuse, impart
News of the world, or record of the heart,
Collected here, we carefully indite,
To plead 'gainst woman's wrongs, for woman's right.
Excitement is the universal cry,
Nor shall our pages limit its supply:
Excitement—yes! but never shall we speak
A word to soil the heart, or shame the cheek.
Fact, fiction, fable, every varied guise,
To teach the mind, or charm the fair one's eyes.
The leading article—the novellette—
Chat from all lands—the last new thing in jet—
Who cut whose head off, in a jealous passion—
How to fry cockscombs—what's the latest fashion—
Modes the most fit for female occupation—
Books—correspondence—"wants a situation"—
The press—the theatre—with things artistic—
(Excepting that we shall not give the fistic—)
Music and medicine—groves and gardens shady—
With, every week, the portrait of a lady—
Croquet and archery, when, with double art,
The target's hit—but 'tis the admirers heart;
Or the small foot controls the bounding ball,
And dext'rous grace confirms the lover's thrall—
These, and yet more, we'll try, your aid to gain,
Assured our efforts will not be in vain:
So that in truth, and not in name alone,
Our paper may become "THE LADY'S OWN!"

OMEGA.

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

"GOOD WOMEN," says MONTAIGNE, "are not by dozens," and every one knows it. He, indeed, in all his reading, seems only to have lighted upon three; yet no one could more strongly uphold the great power they can exercise upon society. At no time of life can they be ignored, "being in youth our teachers, at a riper age, our companions," as Lord BACON remarks, "in old age, our nurses and in all ages, our friends." When we declare, then, our intention to promote woman's influence to the grandest sphere, let it be understood, once for all, we do not mean to unsex her. It has been enacted by Heaven's Parliament that she should not usurp, but assist the prerogatives of man, and that law has not been, nor ought to be, ever repealed.

Years ago, it was the fashion to run down women, and every hobdehoy showed his manhood by abusing the sex, like the juvenile Hottentots, who begin life by thrashing their mothers. Now things are better, and we realize the philosophical truth that the dignity of woman is the test of a nation's civilization. Still, however, there is a reluctance to give up old dogmas about woman's education; the opponents to her invincible progress resembling much the long-eared animal who looked hard with pricked-up ears at an approaching train, and being unable to make it out or stop it, brayed loudly, and then turned round and kicked. The fact is, the endeavour now to suppress what is already granted and done is as amusingly absurd as the contest of dogs over a bare bone. Woman has already reached a point whence she cannot be displaced, but must advance in her career. The only questions are the proper limits of this, and her tendency to abuse any privilege granted.

As to these points, it may be useful to turn to certain recent revelations to show the inutility of ignoring powers women already exercise as to the political bias even, of men. Dr. BUSBY used to say that the children ruled their mothers, these last their fathers, who, happy men, unconscious of, or not admitting, such sway, flattered themselves they governed the nation. Now, without discussing at present the propriety of admitting women into Parliament, let us hear the testimony given before the Election Commissioners at Totnes and elsewhere, as to female authority in "making the House."

A witness is put into the box, who swears that the hen-pecked husband first married a "*green*" wife: woman, like the human hair, seems in these electioneering matters very much to depend upon the "colouring matter." According to her despotism, the man's politics may be either a beautiful auburn, or a flaming red. However, the man marries again, and finds a horse, or rather a mare, of another colour. The first never allowed him, according to the witness, to go against her party; the other was more *insouciante*—a kind of invisible "green"—and the independent (?) voter enjoyed a transient liberty. But the influence, such as it is, was there still. Now, take it that there are thousands of unmarried women, old maids if you please, but shrewd and sagacious; are they to be deprived of a vote, and to be shut out of politics because some of them give their money to a spiritualist, while three-fourths administer their property as ably as the apoplectic "struck-by-turtle alderman," who all London considers a most practical magistrate, yet who cuts his own heirs off with a shilling, and leaves his millions to a hospital for repairing broken legs, or for an insane asylum, to which he himself ought to be the first to gain admission? Of course the answer is obvious.

Again, supposing we give them this, and allowing full expanse to the callous unwomanliness of the notorious *Tricoteuses de la Guillotine*, or the *dames de la Halle* in the Revolution, are women, in the present day, likely to degrade their privileges by worse absurdity or grotesque bulfoonery than is exhibited by the stronger sex? Witness what occurred the other day at the Reform gathering at Edinburgh. We read the following:—"One of the most amusing designs was a representation of three donkeys, labelled respectively, 'Lord ELCHO, M.P., SAM LAING, and BOB LOWE,' the central figure being the member for East Lothian, represented as throwing cigars to his constituents from the hustings. The device was labelled underneath, 'The happy and increasing family of Adullamites;' and above, 'There's a *Hope* for Haddington yet,' in allusion to Lord ELCHO's opponent at the recent general election. Another practical squib, which was the cause of much fun, was a representation of the Earl of DALKEITH as a man of straw, labelled, 'Your county member.' Another similar device was an 'ELCHO Challenge Shield for 1867,' being a black shield on a white ground, with a skull and cross bones displayed. In another part of the procession the 'party of two' was represented by a Skye terrier, and sheep's heads were shown by general trades as fitting representatives of the landed opponents of Reform." Doubtless a woman's perception would have taught her that such a representation has a recoil, nor would she have attempted to make her opponents ridiculous, by a manifestation which only illustrated stupidity.

We maintain, therefore, that the address gone up to Parliament, and signed by some of the most celebrated women in the kingdom, praying that votes in election to the House should be granted to them, is purely legitimate. Not a few of earth's greatest monarchs have been women, though the Salic law has been described as most sensible, banishing gallantry from cabinets, and preventing the amiable antics of grave statesmen. History scarcely shows the necessity for this presumed prudence, but it does show that many of our ablest reformers have been women, and he must be sadly read indeed who does not recognize the efforts of Mrs. FRY, Miss MARTINEAU, FREDERIKA BREMER, and others, who coerced by their great sagacity and practical devotion, supine and ignorant governments to remedy social wrong. To exclude them, therefore, from voting for burgesses, when they already so sway men's minds, is as unjust to property and education as it is objectionable to reason. It is shutting the door on the empty stall: it is hesitating at a glass, and gulping down a gallon.

As to going into Parliament; that is "toute autre chose." It is evident the members there now do not like the idea, for they shut off the ladies, like Turks, in curtained galleries, where they steam as vines in greenhouses, over the vapours of the area below. It is true the men are obliged to run off to the Opera in the midst of their debates, in proof they cannot long bear absence from female society; but we do not want our illustrious senators to be perplexed by the attractiveness of a face and the size of a crinoline. Once admitted, the House would degenerate, doubtless, into a flirtation-shop, and its deliberations into a *conversazione*. Mr. SPEAKER would have to call himself to order a dozen times, and petitions from the eyes would be more numerous than the addresses laid on the table. But there is all the difference between a half-boiled egg and a hard one; and it is no reason because we do not admit them as senators, we should refuse them as voters. Once in Parliament, they might become openly—as they are covertly—diplomatists, ambassadors; the interest of nations would be sacrificed to a smile; to say nothing of the additional cost to the country, in the suite of a plenipotentiary, of an efficient staff of nursery-maids and pap-boats.

There are also some professions—surgery for instance—which we can hardly recognize, yet still feel reluctant altogether to discountenance. In the case of nursing, what would have become of our army in the Crimea without FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, whose devotion went further than any other power to correct official neglect and stultification? Yet while we praise, we should hardly like our wives and daughters to be exposed to all the sights and scenes that intrepid army of sisters must have witnessed. And why is this? Simply because there is something which seems to rob the sex, in these acts, of its feminine retirement, its inherent modesty. Yes! we admire the example, but forbear to urge the copy.

As to the fullest employment of women in other respects, and her right to be educated thoroughly for them, there can be no doubt. All honour be to those of the opposite sex who have recognised how well and how powerfully she can act, in humanizing the brutal in our prisons, raising the degraded in our penitentiaries, and who have done their utmost to supply their starving sister with support, obtained from intellectual or useful occupation. Educational statistics show that there is no sphere of knowledge in which woman cannot obtain the highest excellence, whether in Mathematics, as Mrs. SOMERVILLE; in History, as Mrs. MACAULAY; or in Political Economy, as one we have already quoted. The telegraph affords employment to many, and our drapers' shops present a large area, which would be much more attractive than as at present filled, by hirsute counter-skippers, and semi-virile shop-walkers. Let us take common sense as our maxim, and we shall never fear over-educating woman; assured that her own constitution, physical and mental, would cause her to ignore undue pretension, whilst at the same time her employment would materially advance social progress, and save the souls and bodies of many who now fall victims to vice.

WOMAN'S PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

IN the different cycles of civilization through which our world has run, the position of woman has greatly varied. According to the culture of the age, she has alternately been regarded as the slave, the almost deified creature of olden chivalry, and the helpmate and loving wife of her liege lord. Among savages to this day, as among the semi-barbaric races of France and Germany in the Merovingian era centuries ago, a wife is and was a slave, whose daily duty was to be a drudge for her master, nurse him when sick, put up with his coarse brutalities when he was well at home, and, for a wonder, not at war with some neighbouring fierce tribe of depredators like himself, and to occupy a position in her husband's house with which no sensible maid-of-all-work would be content to put up with now. Later

on again, when troubadours sang fair ladies' praises, and knights in armour, with a lady's glove on their knightly helms laid, lances in rest, and risked life and limb to support some approving beauty's claim to be the fairest—while heralds in the lists shouted, "Fight on, brave knights; bright eyes look upon your deeds!"—woman was almost worshipped as a goddess; though, in those days of all-pervading ignorance she could hardly write her own name, and had no better accomplishments than the art of turning male heads and singing love-ditties to her harp or lute. That state of things, as was but natural, passed away, in time, too. Woman came to be looked upon, not as an angel, but as a woman—to marry whom was, to the lover's ardent imagination, indeed, to attain the highest hope of his life; till—in those poor dear "good old times"—as people who know nothing about it love to term them—the honeymoon passed by, and the once fervid lover settled down into the port-wine-dining, roystering husband, who never went to bed quite sober, and as soon as the cloth was drawn, fairly drove his wife out of the drawing-room by his coarseness, which was then popular among "fine old English gentlemen." TENNYSON'S line about "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse," will fitly describe the sentiment most English gentlemen of that day entertained for their wives, who must have had a Job-like patience to put up with their lords and masters.

In 1866, "we have," as the French say, "changed all that." A wife now is neither looked upon as a drudge, as a goddess of a hare-brained knight-errant, nor as a patiently smiling, amiable partner of her husband's sorrows and reluctantly hospitable entertainer of his thirsty friends. Her position is more defined, more truly womanly, and more secure in all good society. There was a time, we know, when by the law of England a man was allowed to chastise his wife with any stick "not exceeding the thickness of his thumb;" and only last week a Yorkshire collier objected to say "I will" at the altar, to the query, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" simply because she objected to reply affirmatively to his angry interrogation, thrice repeated, of "Wilt thee clean moi boots, then?" But, still, woman now is a power in the land, for the land's good; even though she have not what Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, M.P., wisely, or unwisely, would wish to give her—viz., a vote at elections.

The inferiority of women has long been a pet prejudice of—well, shall we say it?—inferior men. If woman has been inferior to man, generally speaking, whose fault, to clinch an argument, has *that* been? If woman has been content too long, and in too many instances to be little better than a pretty, graceful, silly nonentity in the body politic, how came *that* about? Was it not because man, clothed in the fancied authority of his lord-of-the-creation dignity, set her claims at naught by systematically sneering at all women who dared to think and act for themselves—in compliance with the dictates of woman's quicker and more delicate perceptive faculties—as "strong-minded women" who would be sure to make undesirable sweethearts, and hard, unsympathetic wives?

Far be it from us to wish to take woman out of her sphere, and to set up her tender heart and loving trustfulness in opposition to her—by PROVIDENCE designed—protector. To us, a masculine—in that much-abused word's obnoxious sense—woman is to the full as offensive as an effeminate "Miss MOLLY" of a man. But we utterly repudiate the notion—as not being in conformity with the rapidly-advancing strides modern civilization is making—that a wife's duty is simply to take the head of her husband's table, manage his house, attend to her children, and look as pretty and dress as well as her means will allow.

Some illustrations may here serve our purpose. Let us look at what woman has done in spite of all these unfair prejudices against "strong-minded" women, and such like "reasoned wrongs glazed o'er by ignorance." The name of the heroic GRACE DARLING, the poor lighthouse-keeper's daughter, who braved the stormy sea to save the lives of drowning men struggling in the engulphing waves at the risk of her own, is embalmed in her admiring country's memory. Who that ever read that wonderful novel "Jane Eyre" but will think—we had almost written reverently—of the great ability and strange weird power of "Currer Bell," its authoress, the late Miss BRONTE (afterwards Mrs. NICHOLLS), the obscure little prim Yorkshire girl who "woke one morning and found herself famous"? As poetesses, poor "L. E. L." and Mrs. HEMANS—not to mention further one far greater than both, the late ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, herself a poet's wife—attained a high position. As a "sensation"—we hate the word, we must confess—novelist, who is more popular, and who has worked harder for it, than Miss M. E. BRADDON? In astronomical science, the name of Mrs. SOMERVILLE will occur to some of our readers. As a traveller who wandered round the world and wrote admirably thereupon, Madame IDA PFEIFFER, achieved a wide renown.

In medical science, several ladies have eminently distinguished themselves in the teeth of prejudice, among others the eccentric but gifted "Dr." MARY WALKER, who served during the late American war as an army surgeon, and who on Tuesday night last appeared in the character of a lecturer at the St. James's Hall. Of this lady's questionable taste in assuming male attire, we must admit we would rather not have to express an opinion.

To pass on to something else: what we would wish to see—what we know things are ripening into—is this: to see woman brought more up to the level of man as a companion and a friend in the way of intellectual community of thought; to see a man when he comes home after a day's hard, dry brain work, find—besides a well-managed home—a wife capable of entering into his feelings and opinions on the great and minor questions of the day, and expressing her thoughts in such a manner as shall make him feel that a cigar over the fireside with a clever wife is far more enjoyable than a game at billiards or a long night's chit-chat at the club. We would have woman assert her right position, and prove herself worthy of being what should be a true woman's highest ambition—a *helpmate*, morally and intellectually, to man. If, instead of dull monotones about the weather, the rise in coals, little GEORGY's last bad cold, and Mrs. So-and-So's last evening party, a wife would, as it were, grow a little taller in her conversational standard, and strive to take a little more interest in what is going on outside in that great world of ours, which is not wholly bounded—though some ladies we know talk as if they really believed it was—by their own affairs, their neighbours, the tradesmen's bills, the nursery, and the kitchen—all, of course, very important in due season—more homes would be happier, more clubs emptier, fewer old bachelors, and fewer married men asleep in their arm-chairs within an hour after dinner.

FEMALE EMIGRATION; WHO ARE SUITED FOR IT?

WERE it allowable to encourage Pride under any guise, then would we say that England indeed has reason to be proud of many of her gentle daughters; for, all unknown to the Million, there walk abroad in simple guise some of the sweetest of ministering angels, shrinking not from contact with the vilest of the vile, if so they may only do good and wean back but a single thought from wickedness to purity—happy beyond measure if they can be instrumental in alleviating misery or suffering, mental or physical. Dive below the surface of society—search through the byeways of our cities, whither Want shrinks, haggard—and he or she that searches will find Patience and unaffected Goodness in most unlikely, certainly in most unexpected, localities, fulfilling their self-imposed but no less heavenly mission. Out into the light, however, it is occasionally necessary—to obtain assistance and publicity for that which can only be properly treated by the public at large—for these gentle ladies to come. Need we repeat here any of the names so familiar to us all? We have our FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE; there are few who have done better service to the cause of suffering female humanity—ay, and of male, too, for that matter—than Mrs. CHISHOLM, and Miss RYE. It is of this last-mentioned lady we would now speak a word.

It is known to this lady, as it was to Mrs. CHISHOLM, that in our colonies there exists an immense field for female labour—that many thousands of young manly lives have been and are being thrown away for lack of suitable helpmates; and it is known further that our cities swarm with young women who can scarce gain a present livelihood, and whose only prospect for old age is the repulsive ward of a union workhouse or a wretched London garret—if nothing worse; for there is a worse still. Miss RYE, we say, was somewhat cognizant of all this years ago, and went quietly about striving to do something to alter the lamentable condition of things; then she discovered how truly gigantic was the task she had set herself to perform. Nothing daunted, she established a law-copying office in London for the employment of young women; but "the applicants were a hundredfold more than the number that could be employed." Then she thought of emigration, and made her first experiment with six young governesses, whom she sent to Sydney. Since then she has been instrumental in sending out—to the Cape, to Natal, and to Melbourne—some 130 young ladies, only four of whom have proved themselves unworthy of the kind lady's assistance. Next some working girls sought assistance, and they have been sent off in shoals to British Columbia and to Queensland. Some strange accounts came home to England respecting the treatment and the conduct of those young women on board ship and on shore, and Miss RYE determined to go out to the Antipodes herself and see how the emigrants were going on. Bravely encountering the perils and discomforts of a long sea voyage, the self-imposed task of the generous lady was successfully accomplished, and now the results of the voyage are before the public. Out of 300 young women sent out, only six per cent. have turned out badly. When the girls get to the colonies, they are taken care of, and, reversing the usual order of things, a character is required with their intending *mistresses* before an engagement. The ladies at Melbourne have started a servants' home, where, by paying a moderate sum, a girl who finds her situation unsuitable can remain until she obtains another. In a few weeks two ships will be sailing—one for Melbourne and another for Hawkes Bay—with young women who find it a hard matter to live here, but who are certain to find many to welcome them in the land they have chosen for their future homes.

Such, in the briefest possible form, is an outline of what a woman may do with education, energy, and love for her fellow-creatures urging her on.

Concerning the people suited for emigration, the strangest ideas exist. To be brief, it is imagined that anybody will do for a colonial house or farm servant. Nothing can be further from the reality. In all colonial cities there are wealth and luxury, and the class of servants required is a very high one; outside the towns good farm-servants find well paid service, and all such as have had farm experience readily find situations. How are our girls trained at home for either of these situations? We need scarcely say that in our towns a prejudice exists against domestic service, and that as soon as possible girls are taken from school to be taught trades. The sewing-machine takes its tens of thousands; flower-making, pocket-book making, with book-folding, millinery, dress-making, fancy box-making, weaving, and a hundred other things are eagerly sought after by our girls; and, as a matter of course, there are few of these trades but are overstocked, and consequently under-paid; whilst the class of domestic servants is becoming altered day by day, and their employers affirm that they are deteriorating.

The home education of girls is far from what it should be. Comparatively few girls can wash, iron, sew, cook, or properly nurse and tend a baby; yet these go to form the acquirements of a colonial domestic servant. With all our wealth, no people are worse served in the cookery department than are the English, and where one might have fifty cheap dishes we have not more than five. Very few grown girls ever think of assisting to make the clothes of their little brothers and sisters; but they may trim a bonnet, read a cheap book, waltz or polkain a medium way, or some of them may even rattle off a tune or two on the old square piano. There is, altogether, too much show among our town girls now-a-days, and, we say it in all humility, too little of what is solid and really feminine. The tremendous success which attends all London music-halls, theatres, concerts, and places of general amusement, shows how little home is cared for—how far domestic comfort is neglected, and with it all that is of real value to a good life under any circumstances, here or in the colonies. To sum up, the way in which too many of our girls are brought up is altogether unwomanly; and that training will neither do for Miss RYE nor for the colonies.

The limits of a newspaper article are not sufficient for the purpose of thoroughly sifting this very important matter; and our readers will believe us when we say that we only write so bluntly as we have for the purpose of drawing serious attention to the matter. There is room in the colonies for every "surplus" female in the United Kingdom; for the half million at which this surplus is estimated, a home is offered there. What is required in return is some ability for doing good and honest service. Ladies such as Miss FRY are endeavouring to thoroughly arouse public attention to the matter. They have our best wishes, as they have this our assistance. Let the women of England look the matter in the face—cease to cultivate the mere ornaments of life until its substantials are acquired, and gently turn the attention of their daughters from the crotchet-needle to the cooking and clothing department of home.

There is little need to draw the attention of our readers to the matter at further length; the mere fact of their being subscribers to THE LADY'S OWN PAPER indicates that they are thoughtful, and, we think, prepared to endorse our opinion, that in many particulars the education of women is sadly neglected, and that no amelioration in their condition can be expected, through Miss RYE, or other gentle lady, until an alteration is made, and the general opinion concerning domestic service changed.

AN extra Christmas number of Mr. Erskine Clarke's *Parish Magazine*, to be denominated 'Chatterbox," is in preparation.

As a memorial of Miss Nightingale's services it has been resolved to spend £15,000 in erecting a new wing to the Derbyshire General Infirmary. It is to contain 64 beds. The new building is to bear the title of the "Nightingale Wing." William Edward Nightingale, Esq., father of Miss Nightingale, has been invited to become president of the institution. Over £7,000 has already been promised.

Mrs. Brown to the Editor of "The Lady's Own Paper."

(BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, AUTHOR OF "MRS. BROWN'S PAPERS.")

SIR,—And glad it is I felt when a receivin' of your note about a LADY'S OWN PAPER, as is a thing as is much wanted, goodness knows; for I am sure all the papers as comes out, tho' wrote beautiful like edicated books, yet is that full of politix and police as you can't abear to 'ear about, and gives any one quite a turn; and as to their sayin' as Brown was up in Ilands a 'untin' the deer for Queen Victoria with no trousers on, why its the basest calomy as ever was 'eard on. For he's not the man as would do it now to please no one, thro' fear of them rheumatics, as 'as drove 'im into knee-caps a'ready, tho' only fifty-seven, as I considers the prime of life myself. And I'm sure Queen Victoria, bless 'er, as the sayin' is, is too much the lady for to ask sich a thing of any one, let alone Brown, as never were Scotch in this world, tho' certainly did 'ave a uncle as was, and kep' a snuff-shop hisself in Ratcliff-highway, near the very spot as the Mar's was murdered the very year as Brown was born, and 'ave 'eard his dear mother talk about often, with one of them Scotch figgers a standing in bare legs at the door with a black boy opposite to match as 'adn't so much as a rag to cover 'im, but nothing on except his black skin and feathers that grew'd natural. And then the things as they've wrote about me as would take up all my time for to contradict thro' not bein' a scholar myself, and only a writin' when with Mrs. Chadwick, as does it for me thro' bein' a relation by the mother's side with three years boardin' school at 'Ammersmith with a lady as was a minister widder, tho' sadly given to drink in her latter days; but did 'er duty certainly by Mrs. Chadwick, as 'er sampler as is framed over the mantel-piece will show, and learned 'er tambour work beautiful, and would 'ave learned 'er painted welwet too only 'er father said it was all rubbish, as he wanted 'er to learn 'ow to make a good puddin', as is best after all for a poor man's wife, but when Mrs. Elkins come in and showed me the paper as said I was the cuss of Pentonville 'ill, as is a place I've not been on three times in my life, and shouldn't think of goin' to now thro' that up-'ill work not a suitin' me and been convicted on it over and over agin, I say, Whatever is to be done? for I can't show my face with a character defaced like that, and Brown a sayin' rubbish, as in course it meant someone else thro' its bein' a common name, and said as I'd better change it as I told 'im was downright disgraceful in 'im to say as long as he was above ground, not as ever I should think of settlin' agin even if permitted to be a widder, as is a 'eavy trial and comes like a thunderbolt, tho' not always certain; for I'm sure there was Mrs. Cull as kep' a green and coal shed in Horsleydown, and thought a widder for years, and just a goin' to marry agin when he turned up as 'ad been out to the North Pole and always thought to be froze to it, and lived together many years, tho' not a finger or a toe as the frost 'adn't took off; and wonderful stories he could tell about them furriners as lives there with their snow-'ouses, and livin' on train ile as is a thing as the smell on is enough for me; not as I 'olds with that parafine as fills the place with blacks and will go off like a sky rocket when least expected, as blowed poor Mrs. Camplin thro' the back parlor winder and fell 'ead first in the water-butt, and only found by mere accident thro' 'er boots bein' wisible over the top as the fireman ketched sight on and the water not comin' in bein' cut off thro' 'er bein' backwards in 'er rates, as ain't parties as will give credit, and not to be expected for 'owever can they be a callin' agin and agin as don't get a livin' out of it arter all, and seems 'ard 'arted and yet no woice in the matter; but as I was a sayin', if them papers didn't keep a sharp look out, whatever would become on us as might be trod down the same as over at Paris, where I know'd a party myself as 'ad 'er shop boy shot in the leg thro' goin' on a errand and no doubt a stoppin' as boys will for to see what was a goin' on, and that ugly, willin' Bonyparty, 'as they now calls Looy Napolyon, a firin' on the streets, and bless you no Riot Act read, nor nothing for to warn any body, as one party crawled into a drain and was kep' there all night and best part of the next day. I wouldn't live in sich a place not if you was to crown me, and them papers not allowed for to show 'im up, which I'm sure if the Lord Mayor was to dream on 'is 'ead would soon roll on Tower 'ill, and serve 'im right too, not but certainly them Paris fashions is elegant, and for my part I do think as dress sets you off a good deal, for tho' beauty unadorned as the saying is, I don't think as there's any on us as don't look the better for a 'andsome cap or bonnet, and 'ave got the pattern for a jacket myself, as would look lovely, and fit like wax, thro' bein' gored up the back if cut out proper, but, law, Mrs. Pollin she's got no more use in her scissors than a 'edge'og, and made me that wild a cuttin' up the stuff all on the straight as never would set well and as obstinate as a mule a standin' me out, as it

didn't ought to be cut on the cross. But as I was a sayin' a newspaper as is only for ladies is what I longs for, as will 'ave lots about them things as ladies takes interest in no doubt, and I do hope none of them ketch pinny rubbish as advertises about things as in only takes in, 'as I've got my eye on 'em, and will espose as sure as my name is Martha. Ladies did ought to be warned agin', and whatever you do print it large, as I'm sure I'd a book give me the other day as I couldn't read myself without a telescope that close printed as nobody wouldn't take the trouble to look at, and I'm sure I've got some lovely receits as any lady might be glad on, as I've 'ad in a book this many a year and never used, but reads lovely; and I'm sure if anybody does know anything about dyein' it's me, for the lots of things as I've 'ad dyed nobody wouldn't credit, tho' a thankless office as the sayin' is, a recommendin' any one to, for I'm sure that Mrs. Treather insulted me gross about 'er curtains, a sayin' as I'd recommended a thief as 'ad stole 'em, but, bless you, there was all the pieces, tho' I must say shrunk up to nothin', as was rubbish from the first.

Whatever you do keep them murders under, for one or two is werry well, but when you come to three a week in Bethnal-green it's enough to turn the'ole mask of one's blood, as I well remembers a shoemaker myself down the Mile End-road, three turnins afore you comes to the gate, as beat 'is wife within an inch of her life, as the sayin' is, with the 'oly shovel, and throwed the babby out of winder, cradle, and all, as was lucky in breakin' its fall, but not pleasant for the man with sprats on 'is 'ead, as it fell on and forced into a potato warehouse, as was never able to pick 'arf on 'em up, and a large family to keep out of 'em as is 'ard work, and up before daylight in the frost and snow, and 'ow they ever do it puzzles me, and any time may expect a line from me, as I shouldn't like for it to be know'd as I wrote in a paper as would look bold, only for its bein' THE LADY'S OWN, as, in course, I am agreeable to, and

Yours respectful,
MARTHA BROWN,
× Her mark.

[It gives us much pleasure to inform our readers, that by a fortuitous circumstance we have obtained a photograph—the only one taken—of Martha Brown, which, according to promise, we shall give if possible in our next number, as being the representation of a most popular personage. We are aware of our responsibility in so doing, for the lady always objects strongly to sit for her likeness. It was taken unknown to her the morning of her marriage, on which occasion Mr. Arthur Sketchley appeared as bridegroom's best man. A memoir of Mrs. Brown will also appear by that gentleman.]

MISS BATEMAN, the actress, was recently married at New York to Mr. Crow, a London surgeon.

IN Brussels, on the night of the 14th instant, according to *Le Nord*, one observer stationed on the Boulevard Botanique, near the Rue de Pacheco, and looking towards the north-east only, counted no fewer than 1,731 meteors in the hour which elapsed between 12.45 p.m. and 1.45 a.m.

AN Arkansas paper gives an account of the marriage of a gentleman recently to a Choctaw belle, Miss Kath-le-no-he, daughter of "Black Cloud," a Caddo chief. The lady is described as a full-blooded Caddo, over six feet in stature, very comely, and straight as one of the pines of the northern wilderness. At the wedding the bride wore silver decorations in her hair weighing over a pound.

ACCORDING to the *Stationer*, there is at present quite a doll mania in France; which it thinks should be put down by law. The rising generation, says our authority, is so *blasé*, that it requires a new sensation for its amusement and instruction. The normal doll, whose wax face it was such a pleasure to see perspire itself away, is quite gone out. Beautiful creations which said "Pa" and "Ma," are things of the past; they would not now amuse a baby in long clothes. The Boulevard is quite a study. There are shops exclusively for the sale of dolls and their penates, dress, articles of the toilette table, dressing cases, crinolines and cages, bonnets and robes, and great—in proportion—chests to pack them in, cashmeres, jewels, carriages with powdered valets, splendidly furnished rooms, &c. How is it possible that the rising generation of France, accustomed from the cradle to see their doll nursed in the lap of luxury, can be anything but recklessly extravagant?

ANOTHER CURE OF SEVERE COUGH, *Received this Week*, BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Extract from a letter dated November 14, 1866, from Mr. Wm. S. Malcolm, Publisher, of the *Christian News* Office, 142, Trongate, Glasgow: "My mother had a severe cough, and tried everything she could think of to get relief, but without effect, when she was induced to try a box of the Wafers, and we were astonished to find that the second night after using them her cough was completely removed."—These Wafers give instant relief and a rapid cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, and Disorders of the Throat and Lungs. They have a pleasant taste. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per Box; by all Druggists.

Literature.

Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer in Sweden. By MARGARET HOWITT. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 1866.

LIKE the meteors which attract our wonder, as they travel over their mysterious path, so some minds, ever and anon, appear above our human horizon as grandly beautiful; the difference chiefly being that the good produced by the one, is more palpable than that by the other. The world owes a great debt to Miss Howitt, than whose truly feminine and graphic style none could be more appropriate to the subject, for depicting the life-sketch of Sweden's great social reformer, whose practical virtues and intellectual energy raised the condition of her countrywomen to unquestionably the highest educational point in Europe. Ever [will the latter turn to the authoress of "Hertha" as having proved woman capable of the most consummate mental acquirement without peril to the delicacy of her sex, or the inherent modesty of her nature.

We prefer to let this book speak for itself, since it is difficult to select peculiar topics of interest from pages replete with graphic accounts of travel, national manners and customs, most important social topics, above all, the records of a woman whose piety was without ostentation, her zeal free from dogmatism, and her shrewd intelligence devoid equally of fanaticism or confusion. It is a beautiful life, and so well pourtrayed that its account will be regarded by all who think and feel correctly, as the book not of a season, but of an age. The young may turn to it for amusement, the old for the solution of deep problems of humanity, but all classes cannot fail to be improved by it.

Here is an account of the first effects of "Hertha:"—

"The publication of 'Hertha' was to its author as the throes of the great new birth for the women of her country. Many a noble-hearted girl has told me that after reading 'Hertha' she longed to become a more useful woman,—a true helpmeet to man. A few liberal-minded and generous-hearted professors of various sciences, of whom we may mention Rector Siljestron, whose eyes were already open to the unjust and oppressive nature of the old Swedish laws regarding women, acknowledged the truth of Miss Bremer's teaching in this work, but felt themselves trammelled by custom, and uncertain whether Swedish women would indeed respond to any efforts which might be made for their higher and intellectual development. At all events, the publication of 'Hertha' led people to think and talk. The authoress had presented a key, as it were, to such as were willing, whether men or women, to loosen the fetters which had so long held in bondage the female mind. These liberal-minded professors, of whom I have already spoken, boldly and generously took the key in hand, and unlocked to women many courses of instruction in such sciences as had hitherto been considered far beyond her comprehension, and at once many young girls, who were greaning and struggling like 'Hertha' in their captivity, came forward joyfully to avail themselves of the new light and the new liberty.

"Many willing pupils thronged around the professors in their noval chairs. Amongst others, that Jenny R., who met me at the station, her friends, two young ladies of noble birth, the Froken H. daughters of a distinguish.d Swedish Reformer. A house was next taken near Clara Church, and according to the accounts given me by these earlier scholars, most glorious times they had, all young girls in their first mental vigour, like joyful navigators bursting into new seas, and all displaying to the wondering delight of their instructors the greatest facility in grasping even the higher questions in mathematics, the great facts of chemistry, or in comprehending any other science in which lectures were given. So thoroughly is Jenny R. now versed in her favourite mathematics, and so far has she gone in the study, that there is no doubt, had she been an Englishman, she might have passed at Cambridge as senior wrangler.

"It has been to me both amusing and somewhat touching to see how these elder daughters of 'Hertha,' these fellow-students in the smaller house by Clara Church, still cling together with the warmest affection, and uphold, in a venerating sort of way, those generous professors who so gallantly led the van in female instruction.

"Those were hard, struggling times. Many laughed at, many censured the movement. But the little band stood firmly together, on the principle that union is strength, and that they must fight or fall together.

"In the meantime, the Government, which plays a more important *rôle* in Sweden than in England, for the nation always appeals to it and the Royal Family for help and sympathy in any extraordinary emergency, looked coldly on. It was evidently the desire, if not the fiat of the majority, that Swedish women should be kept to their spinning, their preserving, pickling, French speaking, and dancing of Swedish polkas. Nothing daunted, however, the young students, encouraged by their kind teachers, persevered, and were seen to develop into such clever, sensible, yet modest young women, that before the end of three years, the State took them to itself. The King and his ministers generously came forward and supplied ample means for the establishment of a Female Educational Institution, which should be carried out on the most liberal principles. In one respect, however, it was attended with a little disappointment. It did not embrace the education of all Swedish women, but simply of those who would devote themselves to the vocation of teachers. Yet though this noble institution has disappointed many by its restriction to a class, yet it is only a little delay. From this Seminarium will go forth enlightened women over the whole of Sweden. Both boys and girls will grow up in all classes of society under their guidance, to form the true greatness and the higher intelligence of the entire nation. Thus the desires of the earlier aspirants to be true helpers of mankind will be accomplished, if not exactly in their way, in one still more thorough and universal. Besides, when men, merely of ordinary intelligence, see how much fresher and richer is the companionship of well-educated women, whose horizon extends somewhat beyond their kitchens and their drawing-room parties, and how much more capable they are of instructing their children, even they will require an improved education."

From grave to gay we pass rapidly in these interesting volumes, and, *inter alia*, the sad episode of the Danish war is followed by a quaint anecdote of Swedish inaptitude to theatrical enjoyment:—

"The people do not feel the stage as an essential part of their life. A lady sent her two country maid-servants to the theatre, thinking to give them a pleasure. They quickly re-appeared.

"'You have surely never been to the theatre,' said their mistress, surprised.

"'O yes, we went to the theatre, and sat there,' said they, 'till suddenly a curtain drew up, and some ladies and gentlemen began talking together, but as it was on family matters, we felt we were intruding, and so came home.'"

Weddings, those all-important incidents in woman's history, are curiously conducted here. We cannot give the whole amusing account, but the following will convey some slight notion of these affairs:—

"When the great banquet is at length concluded, the dishes, with half their devoured joints and other fragments, are shoved under presses and beds, the table taken out, and again dancing commences, and continues till the Bride's Crown is danced off. In some cases, however, all the girls dance round the bride in a ring, and she, being blinded, takes off her crown and places it on the head of one of the girls, the one, of course, who is to be a bride after her.

"Friday, as I have before said, is a much-approved wedding-day, because the company can dance all night and all the next day, and attend the new-married pair in state to church on Sunday. The older fashion was for wedding merriment and feasting to continue a whole week. People dancing and feasting, and taking a nap and running home to look after affairs there, and returning again to dance and make merry. Tante Fredrika told me of such a wedding in her younger days, in the midst of which all the jollity was turned to gloom by the sudden death of one of the guests, a good old man, by choking."

Doctor Kemp. 2 vols. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THIS is a very singular book, containing the career of a man who believes that a physical deformity under which he labours is congenital, and carries with it a corresponding obliquity of mind. There are some admirable sketches of character. The incidents are well told, and the interest of the story maintained from beginning to end. The author, also, does not ignore the supernatural. The account of the family shawl is comically true enough. We have all seen its original:—

"MRS. Johnson was a woman of a shawl! It was her garment,—her matron robe. She always comes before us in it; in fact, to disassociate Mrs. Johnson and her shawl would be to rend the vesture of her official dignity. This article of clothing performed wonders in connection with her kindly disposition; it was the ensign of her commission, and at the same time provided marvellously for the accommodation of her infant worshippers. How these little beings nestled in it! It enwrapped them all through infancy, and no daring nurse ventured to disregard its utility; who could, when such a flock was there to testify to the virtues it possessed? Mother and children were alike indebted to it, by night and day, for warmth and comfort, in sickness and sorrow. Then the fringe,—it was a very wilderness of playthings! Twisting it, knotting it, pulling it, were all indescribable pleasures. There were facilities for hiding tearful, blushing faces peculiar to that shawl; and the nursery familiarities that privileged the last generation were among the benefits for which it was ordained."

Our fair readers will smile at the sufferings they have so often shared and inflicted upon

"THE BRIDEGROOM ELECT.

"The bridegroom elect existed under the impression that he had some peculiar rights and privileges vested in the position that he occupied. Mortal man never was more mistaken in his life than when he expects at such a time to be taken into council in any department of the business in progress. Even consideration for his feelings is denied him in the quarter where he might reasonably hope for sympathy; and he comes in for an amount of indignity and annoyance, not to say exasperation, that he never could have calculated on, but which we are bound to say has its mitigations, since no man ever remembers anything about it after it is all over."

The chief characteristic of the book is its truth to nature; neither the sweet temper of Annie Johnson nor the wild brutality of Kemp being overcharged. It is a mournful but very interesting story, and has unquestionably a good moral tendency. It will be largely read.

Illuminated Texts. London: Nelson and Sons, 1866.

IT is almost incomprehensible how such exquisitely beautiful productions as these can be published at so low a price. They are indeed gems in their way, and instead of being simply ornamental printing on an uncoloured surface, come up to the strict requirements of illuminating art. They are well suited for practice by the adept.

"Kitty Brown;" "Beginning to Think;" "Her Bible Verses," &c. 4 vols. J. Nelson and Sons.

THE author of "Sunnyside" has the happy talent of embodying deep Scriptural instruction in that attractive style of anecdote so charming to the young. There is a graceful tenderness which identifies the author with the pursuits and feelings of her juvenile readers, who will find in these books the method of looking upon the bright side of life from the sun of religious faith and duty reflecting from within. We cordially commend these little volumes to all our young friends.

Zaida's Nursery Note Book. For the Use of Mothers. By A. L. O. E. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster-row, 1867.

THIS little work maintains the writer's reputation for being able to convey more practical piety in a page than is often found in a large volume. We only differ from A. L. O. E. in her self-depreciation, for we cannot admit with her that thousands of British parents could pen such a simple record of trifling incidents: nothing is more difficult than simplicity. The perusal of her book will improve both young and old, imparting to the first an interesting sketch of childhood, to the last sensible advice as to how to deal with children; to both it will be found replete with sympathy and sound devotion.

Music.

Think To-day and Speak To-morrow, Song; and *Down Below the Waving Lindens*, Ballad. Written by B. S. MONTGOMERY. Composed by S. L. HIME. Messrs. Duff and Hodgson, 20, Oxford-street.

MR. HIME is essentially a popular composer. His songs are attractive and simple, while his pianoforte productions are calculated for the nine players who can execute ordinary music with taste and expression, rather than the tenth who aims at a display for which the concert-room would be the best arena. The first of these two songs has a graceful melody, and will doubtless prove a favourite with all our young friends who have the rare gift of diffusing feeling into their performances. The second is already familiar to many, as it forms one in the *repertoire* of the Christy Minstrels. It is elegant and pathetic. Both are suited to lady or gentlemen singers alike.

The Robin's Song. Verse by F. ENOCK. Music by G. B. ALLEN. Messrs. Duff and Hodgson, 20, Oxford-street.

WITHOUT laying claim to much originality, the "Robin's Song" is a pleasant little composition, and though dependent greatly for success upon "who sings it," one which might find favour with a circle of listeners when sung by a young lady with a fresh voice and moderate capacity, who would probably be alarmed if she noticed Madame Parepa's name on the cover. In the hands, or rather the mouth of that gifted vocalist, it would, no doubt, be invested with additional charms.

The Bird that Whispered to Me. Romance. Words and Music by CAROLINE A. DANCE. Messrs. Duff and Hodgson, 20, Oxford-street.

IT is matter of remark, that song writers of the present day are largely indebted to ornithology for subjects. Here is another bird; not a humble robin this time, but one of the carrier pigeon tribe, we suppose, since he makes a capital go-between for a pair of lovers. His song is lively enough, but we should be better pleased with the feathered messenger if he whispered something a little more novel. Surely we have heard his refrain, "Over the Sea, Over the Sea," syllabled to precisely similar tones.

La Joyeuse. Galop Brillant Pour Piano. Par FRANZ ADT. Messrs. Duff and Hodgson, 20, Oxford-street.

THIS is a capital galop, lively, and fully deserving the title, "Brillant," which many composers less known than Herr Adt seem inclined to append to their productions before criticism has been passed upon them. It is, however, fully worthy of his deservedly popular name. The keys alternate pleasantly, and though somewhat more difficult than ordinary dance music, it is for that very reason more likely to be appreciated by effective executants. It might go beyond the sphere to which it is ostensibly limited, and afford good study as a *morceau de salon* only.

La Murska Valse; and *Chang, the Great Fychow Galop.* Composed by C. GODFREY. Messrs. Duff and Hodgson, 20, Oxford-street.

MANY of our fair readers already associate with the strains of the charming "Murska," valses characterised by all the clamour of a brilliant ball-room, and a privileged partner; but lest any should be unacquainted with the merits of this valse, we may say that it bids fair to rival the "Guards" in popularity, being well marked and *dansante*. "La Murska" is illustrated from a photograph of the lady to whom it is dedicated, and whose fair face is typical of the sweetness of the contents, while Chang, with his boy by his side, seems to smile benignly upon the power of music, and a number of lesser mortals of the female sex around him; the draperies radiant in colour, and the whole suggestive of Egyptian Hall notoriety. The popularity of both these productions is the best criterion of their merit, and Mr. A. Mellon has indorsed it by including them in his concert programmes. The great desideratum in all these things is to attract the sympathy of the audience, by making the melody on the ear correspond with the action of the foot.

An Autumn Leaf. Sketch by STEPHEN HELLER. Cramer and Co.

REMINDING us strongly of the *Restless Nights*, the theme of the *Autumn Leaf* is wild and dreary, without losing a string individual character. It is very easily mastered, and forms an excellent study for the young, as well as an agreeable *morceau* for the advanced pupil.

Lady of Shalott. Melody for Piano. By B. FELDER. Cramer and Co.

UNQUESTIONABLY superior of its class, the merit of this work is sustained throughout. Written in value time, it is graceful, and full of artistic skill, bearing the mark of true musical genius. It is moderately difficult, and there are the easiness and refinement about it which characterise Mr. Felder's productions. The air

is well varied by being taken up by the bass hand, and is well worked up till the piece reaches its conclusion.

Where the Wild Flowers Blow. Song composed by CHARLES GOUNOD. Metzler and Co.

THERE is a freshness about the simplest productions of this gifted composer which must arrest the attention in these days of hackneyed sentimentalism. Like the *Berceuse*, the theme here is handled with vigour and originality; and the accompaniment is what it should be, a subsidiary to the voice part. This charming song is one which we can recommend with satisfaction; it needs only to be heard to be admired.

The Nun's Dream. For the Pianoforte. By STEPHEN GLOVER. Metzler and Co.

A VERY elegant and taking *morceau*, in Mr. Glover's happiest vein. Dependent mainly on expression, it is within the reach of all average pianoforte students, and constructed with a delicacy peculiarly adapted to a lady's hand. It is embellished with a suggestive picture very consistent with the theme.

Books for the Young.

Emma and her Nurse; or, the History of Lady Harewood; and *The Mother's Grave.* By Mrs. CAMERON. Illustrated. (Houlston and Wright.)

The Story of Little Henry and his Bearer Boasy: a Tale of Dinapore. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. Illustrated. (Houlston and Wright.)

Johnny Jordan and his Dog. By Mrs. ELLIOTT. With Illustrations. (Routledge and Sons.)

Pleasant Rhymes for Little Readers; or, Jottings for Juveniles. Affectionately inscribed to the Children of England. By JOSEPHINE. (Houlston and Wright.)

Charles Lorraine; or, the Young Soldier, drawn from Scenes of Real Life. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. Illustrated. (Houlston and Wright.)

Tom and the Crocodiles. By ANNE BOWMAN. With Illustrations. (Routledge and Sons.)

Helen in Switzerland: a Tale for Young People. By the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL. With Illustrations by E. Whymper. (Griffith and Farran.)

Gerty and May. By the Author of "Granny's Story Box." With Illustrations by M. L. Vining. (Griffith and Farran.)

How Peter's Pound became a Penny. By the author of "Dick and his Donkey." (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Andersen's Fairy Tales, new trans. by Mrs. Paull, post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Argosy, Christmas Volume, 1866, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Aunt Friendly's Gift, 72 coloured pictures, imp. 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Bennett's Lightsome and the Little Golden Lady, 24 Illust. 3s. 6d. cl.
Bradford's Bible Opened for Children, 12 mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Broderip's Wild Roses, Simple Stories of Country Life, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Fairbairn's Imperial Bible Dictionary, Vol. 2, imp. 8vo. 38s. cl.
Fenn's Hollowdell Grange, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Figuier's "Vegetable World," History of Plants, 8vo. 30s. cl.
Lee's Lucy's Campaign: A Story of Adventure, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Loneliness and Leisure, cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Nursery Tunes; or, Stories about the Little Ones, illust. 3s. 6d. cl.
Riddell's The Rich Husband, post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Roundabout Rhymes and Stories, by C. H. R., 8vo. 1s. swd.
Thompson's Domestic Circle, 12mo. 3s. cl. gt.
Trollope's (T. A.) Gemma, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Zaida's Nursery Note-Book, by Author of A. L. O. E., fc. 8vo. 2s. cl.

DEATH OF A HERO.

THE *Liverpool Post* reports the death, at the house of his father-in-law, at Bowness, Windermere, of Mr. Frederick Wm. Davies, lately employed at the Stanley Dock, Liverpool, aged 32. Mr. Davies will be remembered by thousands in Liverpool as the young man who, at the burning of the Sailor's Home, on the 30th of April, 1859, heroically climbed an inadequate escape ladder, and braced a smaller one at the top of it with his naked hands alone, while four men and a boy descended from one of the upper stories over his body, a man and the boy being at the one time upon him together. Nor was this the only noble act of his life. His early history was that of an industrious and devoted son and brother. His later history is still more remarkable. While paying his addresses to a young person, a native of Bowness, who was in service at West Derby, about two years ago, she had the misfortune to have one of her eyes destroyed, the other nearly so, and her body otherwise seriously injured and disfigured, by the explosion of a boiler in the kitchen where she was one evening employed. By permission of the family with whom she was domesticated Davies was in the kitchen at the time, and saved her life and his own by kicking a panel out of a door, and thus preventing suffocation by letting in a rush of fresh air. Instead of forsaking the girl after this unfortunate disfigurement, he only devoted himself to her the more, and, notwithstanding her semi-blindness, married her at the commencement of the present year; and now came her turn to benefit him. His complaint (consumption), from which there appears to have been no chance of recovery, soon after set in, and, notwithstanding her physical difficulty, Mrs. Davies, we are informed, has proved to her deserving husband one of the best, most tender, and efficient nurses that the world could have furnished for him. Dr. Spencer Hall, who attended him in his last hours, speaks of the spirit manifested both by the sufferer and his wife as exceedingly beautiful and affecting.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY G. M. F. GLENNY.

JUST imagine, for the sake of argument, that flowers were new, and that they had just made their *debut* before a discerning public, as a sweet reward for some new goodness.

What should we think of them?

How should we prize them!

Should we not treasure them infinitely better than we do at present?

With what delight would they be looked at!

With what care would they be tended!

With what anxiety should we watch an opening bud or a leaf!

Then why not think and care for them as much now?

They are none the less beautiful on account of their being as "familiar as household words;" none the less acceptable because they are numerous; consequently they deserve our patronage, love, and attention.

So far as love and attention are concerned, we are confident that ladies are ever ready to supply both, and patronage we feel assured they could not resist, for all ladies love flowers.

However, as we are supposed to guide without romancing, we will frankly state that small as your garden may be, you need never, except in the depth of winter, be without at least a few flowers, provided you bestow on your plants ordinary attention, and likewise adhere strictly to the directions which we shall from time to time give you.

But if you forget to sow your seeds at the right time—

Or allow the plants to grow too large before you transplant them—

Or omit to water them in very hot weather, especially such as have been removed—

Or suffer vermin to eat away their leaves—you must not lay the blame either on the seed or the soil, for you must bear in mind that you will be suffering for your own carelessness only.

Negligence in gardening, as in everything else, is sure to be followed by disappointment, and although you may gain experience another year you cannot possibly retrieve an error of the past.

We do not expect that you will all succeed equally well, even should the soil be quite as good and the situation quite as advantageous, and, as such, we are quite prepared to find every one's garden an index of her character.

For instance—The dilatory will put off essential operations until it is too late.

The careless will not think it worth while to attend to all our directions—

The impatient will kill their plants with kindness, under the impression that they will grow the faster for it—

The thoughtless will forget what ought most to be remembered—

The fickle will destroy a growing plant to make room for a new favourite—

While those whose character is direct opposite to all these will be sure to succeed, provided they do the work with their own hands (I mean the light work), for remember, "A cat in gloves catches no mice."

For the drawing-room there is not a more attractive ornament than the Wardeian case, and as such, we will give a brief outline for planting the same.

First of all have a layer of small cinders spread over the bottom of the soil pan, and upon these put from two to three inches of broken crocks and charcoal, mixed together, as large as marbles.

Secondly, spread a thin covering of turfy loam over the whole, to prevent the finer soil which will have to be added by-and-bye from running down among the drainage, to the detriment of the plants which are to make this establishment their future home.

And lastly, having obtained a few pieces of rock, which is the best material for this purpose, procure a compost consisting of four parts of peat well chopped up, three parts river or silver sand, one part leaf mould, and one part charcoal broken up into pieces as small as peas, well mixed together without sifting, and work this in and with them.

The object of this is, that after planting the surface may form a kind of mound as it were, which should rise about three inches higher in the centre than at the sides.

Careful attention to these directions will be sure to command success.

They say, "Work well began is three parts done," and, as such, it is absolutely necessary that the preliminary work should be properly accomplished.

Of this, however, we have little doubt, as speaking generally, ladies are ever ready to do all to their floral pets.

Ere we conclude our article, it will be as well to state that we contemplate a Correspondents' department, under the title of

THE LADY'S QUERIST,

In which we hope not only to receive very many questions for solution, but to be enabled to give such replies as will afford satisfaction to the inquirers.

Ladies requiring an immediate reply, should forward a stamped directed envelope to G. M. F. Glenny, care of the Editor.

Next week we intend giving instructions for the culture of the Hyacinth in pots, glasses, and moss.

MR. PEABODY has just presented 150,000*l.* to Harvard University, U.S., for the foundation and maintenance of a museum and professorship.

MR. ALEXANDER J. STEWART, a New York millionaire, and who has accumulated a fortune through his own exertions, is preparing to give a million dollars for the benefit of the poor of his city.

SAINT SAPONACIUS.

A LEGEND OF WASHING DAY.

(BY TOM HOOD.)

In the middle age chronicles, strictly veracious,
You'll meet with the life of good Saint Saponacius.
A noble was he
Of high degree,
With a bank in St. Somebody's Alley, E.C.,
By the which
He'd grown rich
To so awful a pitch,
That he felt by his wealth he was really encumbered,
So he christened the street where his bank was "the Lombard."

A wife had he,
And little ones three,
And a neat little, sweet little, box at Putnee;
The grounds were delightful, the villa was spacious,
And people all envied the good Saponacius,
For how could they guess
That fair Mistress S.
Was the source of perpetual grief and distress?

Alas, how shall the bard declare
What 'twas that ailed the lady fair?
Did she cast an eye
Of regard on the sly
When fat little Brother Pignatius went by?
Did she lavish and squander her husband's vast riches?
Or endeavour to wear of his garments that which is
Considered to be
Betwixt you and me
The particular robe of authority?
Or had she a tongue with a terrible tang,
Whose ceaseless clang
Oft made his poor saintship indulge in a "dang?"

'Twas nothing of this,
Full well I wis,
That injured poor Sappy's marital bliss,
For she was no eyer
Of monk or of friar,
Nor was she rash
In spending the cash,
Nor insisted on making with tears, screams, and vows, hers
The garment familiarly mentioned as trousers;
Nor had that lady so fair and so young
That worst affliction of all—a tongue.

Ah, no! Her fault was nothing less
Than virtue carried to excess;
In fact, 'twas this—to drop all bosh,
Unlike some muslins, she *would* wash,
And wash at home! Week after week
Arose the steam, arose the reek,
And Saponacius rent his clothes
Whene'er the steam and reek arose,
Because he knew he'd have to eat
For dinner nothing but cold meat.

'Tis said by the scribe, who this legend indited,
That Saint Saponacius was slightly short-sighted,
A statement that's rather borne out on the whole
By the fact that one evening, while taking a stroll
Where the neat-handed Phyllis was hanging the clothes,
He barked on the line his most reverend nose.

He had dined that day
In the usual way—
A cold leg of mutton, or shoulder, we'll say,
Potatoes quite hard in the middle like stones,
Whereof he complained in the mildest of tones,
And was told—for the feast he'd invited a friend to—
That the next time he brought
Folks to dinner he ought
To make sure that there wasn't a wash to attend to.

The good Saint S.,
As you may guess,
Didn't think that dinner a great success,
And when with the rope, his feelings to harden,
He made his nose tender while pacing the garden;
He vowed that he
No longer would be
The victim of washing,
And slopping, and sloshing,
Of lukewarm floods
Of steam and suds,
Of starch and soap,
Of prop and rope,
Not to mention a score
Of articles more
Which to catalogue here I have really no scope.

And from that day,
The legends say,
That dame so *débonnaire* and gay,
To her surprise
Has ne'er set eyes
On Saponacius. Her surmise
Was this:—That he
Appeared to be
An awful deal too good for *she*,
And so—her view of it to paint—
He'd been translated to a saint.

So the Lady S. went off to the Pope,
Who asked her how she was off for soap;
And then agreed
To her prayer to accede,
Which was really a very great favour indeed,
And so sent her home quite contented and happy,
With a canonised spouse—a great gun, too—
Saint Sappy.

But I have been told,
By a Bedesman old,
That there is a brotherhood strictly enrolled
In a certain convent. The rule of the place is
Never to wash hands, bodies, or faces;
And there dwells a monk,
Who ever has shrunk
From towel and basin
For washing one's face in;
From mottled and brown, in bar or cake;
From the scented tablets perfumers make;
Aye, from every soap, from the honey mellow,
Down to the very commonest yellow.

And I'm told this chap
Is Brother Sap—
The missing spouse of the lady, mayhap,
Who washed the linen, walls, children, and floors,
'Till she washed her husband clean out of doors,
And is now reduced, unfortunate elf,
To take in washing to keep herself.

MORAL.

Don't wash at home, but if you do,
Don't have cold meat for dinner too.
Don't clothes in your back garden dry;
But if you do—why hang them high.
And last—escape your mind don't let it—
MacStiffner's patent starch if you
Should order, I entreat you, do,
Do, please, make certain that you get it.

IMPORTANCE OF NEWSPAPER READING TO WOMEN.

The *Manchester Guardian* reports an able sermon on newspapers delivered on Sunday evening last by the Rev. Brooke Herford. We take the following extract:—

"Let me especially urge the reading of the newspaper as a distinct means of self-culture upon women. It may sound strange at first, but I think it is almost more important to women than to men; and for this reason, men are pretty sure to be kept up to the level of what is passing in the world, whether they read the paper or not, but it is not so with women. Men go out into the world from day to day. They can hardly help hearing what is going on. If they do not read the paper itself, they get a glance at the contents' bill as they pass the news shops, or they catch it up from the passing conversation of the day. But women, in their quiet household life, may go on for weeks hardly hearing a word of what is passing in the great world outside, and the little that they do hear conveying no living meaning to them. I think this is a great evil. It not only narrows the range of woman's life, but she loses a great deal of happiness which would come of intellectual companionship and community of interest with men, with a brother, a father, or a husband. Is it not too often the case that the wife and the husband live in, to some extent, different worlds of thought and interest? Why is it so? Why have we that so frequent complaint, that men sit at home absorbed in thought, hardly saying a word of what they are thinking about, or perhaps poring over the newspaper, without a syllable about what is in it? It is often set but don't put yourselves off with that. Part of the cause lies deeper. It is because women are so seldom educated to take an interest in what is going on in the world around them, and so would be unable, without tedious explanations, to enter into the news which each week brings from every quarter of the globe. I know men ought to struggle more than they do against this tendency to isolate themselves, and to be more communicative on such matters; and I know, too that with a little patient sympathy, women would soon learn to take the same interest in them that men do. But remember that men meeting in the world are accustomed to change their thoughts about public events in brief pithy comments one with another, and often hardly could give long explanations, even if they would. Therefore I would put it to women not to depend on this, but to read the newspaper, as a distinct, and to them especially important part of self-culture; and read it aright. You know at present, when women do get hold of a newspaper, it is often the case that the last thing they look at is that which has most interest for men. Politics they mostly vote a nuisance, and don't try even to understand it; and the foreign intelligence might almost as well be printed in Greek. I want to see that altered. I would have every woman read the newspaper for herself, not merely for half an hour's amusement, but with the definite object of escaping the natural danger of her quiet home life, and keeping an open eye and an understanding mind for the passing history of nations, and the great interests which are stirring the heart of the world."

THE coroner's inquest on the body of a male child, found dead in the mill-dam at Portsea, ended on Friday in a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Caroline Clements Hurst, the mother of the infant. She was accordingly committed to take her trial on the charge at the Winchester Assizes.

AN American paper reports a curious marriage to have occurred lately, near Bay City, Michigan. It appears that a farmer lost his wife by death, and that the said wife died early in the morning. The farmer did not appreciate to be left alone in the world, and ere his wife's eyes had hardly closed in the sleep that knows no waking, he decided to marry again. Hitching up his team, he takes in the servant girl, and goes to Bay City to buy garments for the dead. While there he married the girl, and returned to his home the same night with his second wife; so that by actual count he was not a widower twelve hours. The new wife appeared at the funeral the next day in deep black, and was one of the principal mourners over the body of the first wife.

Court and Fashionable News.

The Queen, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, walked and drove on Monday afternoon, and went out in the grounds next morning with Princess Beatrice.

Their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and Princesse Louise went out driving on Tuesday.

The Duke of Edinburgh and Count Gleichen went shooting, attended by Lieutenant-General Hon. C. Grey, Major-General the Hon. A. Hood, and Lieutenant Haig.

Lord Crofton and the Hon. Mortimer Sackville West have succeeded Lord Polwarth and Major-General F. Seymour, C.B., as Lord and Groom in Waiting.

Sir James Clark has left the Castle.

His Excellency the Prussian Ambassador and the Countess Bernstorff and family have returned to the Prussian Embassy, on Carlton House-terrace, from St. Leonards-on-Sea.

The Hon. Julia Elizabeth Plunkett died on the 16th inst. at Dunsany Castle, county Meath. She was the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Dunsany, and was born 29th October, 1851.

Sir John and Lady Anson and family have left London for Rome.

Mr. Lane Fox is progressing favourably since the accident which happened to him with Mr. Lane Fox's (his father) hounds at Bramham Park, Yorkshire.

Sir William M'Kenny, Bart., died on the 10th inst., at Tremezzo, in Italy. The deceased baronet was son of Sir Thomas the first baronet, by the eldest daughter of Mr. Timothy Harty, of Kilkenny, and sister of the late Sir Robert W. Harty, Bart., and was born in 1798. He succeeded his father in 1849. The first baronet was an alderman of Dublin, and filled the office of Lord Mayor in 1818-19.

The Countess of Dunraven continues in a very bad state of health, and but slight hopes are entertained of her Ladyship's recovery.

We (*Court Journal*) are glad to report that Sir John Villiers Shelley is considerably better. The state of the Hon. Baronet's health has lately caused very considerable anxiety, owing to the great severity with which he has been attacked by suppressed gout—the most dangerous form of that terrible infliction. Twice or thrice during the last three months has he been thus assailed, and recently for some days his life was in danger. Thanks, however, to an excellent and unimpared constitution, Sir John was enabled to bear up, and we now learn, with great pleasure, that he is progressing towards recovery as rapidly as can be expected after such repeated and violent attacks.

The late Marquis of Waterford died of gastric fever, and so little was his decease expected, that, though the Marchioness had sent for a medical practitioner, his Lordship stopped the telegram, feeling his illness was so slight a one as not to require medical aid.

The Earl and Countess of Derby entertained Viscount Cranborne, M.P., and Viscountess Cranborne, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Chelmsford, Lord Stanley, M.P., Lord Henry Gordon Lennox, M.P., Colonel Taylor, M.P., Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, &c., at dinner recently, at the family mansion in St. James's-square.

Viscountess Bury was confined of a daughter on Wednesday, at her residence in Rutland-gate. Her Ladyship and infant are doing well.

Lord Stafford, who recently entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales at Costessey Hall, near Norwich, has addressed the following singular letter to the editor of a local paper:—"A report being very prevalent crediting me with a legacy of £90,000, I will thank you to have the kindness to contradict it. No such good luck has befallen me, and I am afraid if I passively suffer the rumour to grow and be propagated, I may be expected to behave very much like a gentleman—that is, to pay three times its value for any article I may feel inclined to purchase."

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

On last Thursday week the marriage of the pretty and accomplished Mdlle. Maria De Rovigo with Francis N. Burton, Esq., was solemnised in the parish church of Clare Abbey, in the presence of a most distinguished party.

Last Wednesday week the town and neighbourhood of Uxbridge was enlivened by the nuptials of Captain Albert Fytche, of Kingsbeham Castle, Tipperary, Commissioner of the Tenasserim division of British Burmah, and Miss Maria Achsah Lambert, daughter of N. G. Lambert, Esq., of Denham Court, Bucks, and late High Sheriff of that county. At 11 o'clock the bride was escorted to the village church by the South Bucks Yeomanry Lancers. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. A. Hale, Rector of Denham, assisted by the Revs. Dr. Besley and C. Joyce.

APPROACHING MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

It is stated that a matrimonial engagement has been arranged between Mr. Meysey Clive and Lady Katherine Elizabeth Feilding, a sister of the present Earl of Denbigh.

A marriage is about to take place between the Hon. Eleanor Stanley, daughter of Mr. and Lady Mary Stanley, and Colonel Samuel Long, of Bromley Hill.

A marriage has been arranged between Miss Agnew, eldest daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady Louisa Agnew, and Mr. Clifton, son of Colonel Clifton, of Lytham Hall, Lancashire.

The marriage of Mr. George Lewis Watson, of Rockingham Castle (lately retired from the 1st Life Guards), and Miss Laura Seymour, second daughter of the Rev. Sir John Seymour, Bart., will take place the first week in January.

We are informed that a marriage is arranged between Lady Victoria Cecil, youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, and Captain Hon. William C. Evans-Freke, second brother of Lord Carberry.

We understand that a marriage is arranged between William Clayton Browne, Esq., eldest son of R. Clayton Browne, Esq., of Browne's Hill, Carlow, and Miss Barton, the accomplished daughter of the late Y. W. Barton, Esq., of Stapleton Park, York.

The marriage of Lady Augusta Wyndham Quin and Mr. Vivian has been delayed solely in consequence of the serious illness of the Countess of Dunraven.

The marriage of Lady Adeliza Hervey with Lord Dunlo, eldest son of the Earl of Clancarty, will shortly be solemnised at Ickworth, Suffolk.

The marriage of Mr. Kennaway, eldest son of Sir John Kennaway, and Miss Fanny Arbuthnot, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Arbuthnot, will be solemnised on the 27th inst., at St. James's Church, Westbourne-terrace.

Baron Lionel De Rothschild's eldest son is shortly to be married to Emma, daughter of Baron Charles Rothschild.

The marriage of Sir Charles Mordaunt with Miss Moncrieff is fixed to take place on the 6th of next month at the seat of Sir Thomas Moncrieff, in Scotland.

A marriage will shortly be celebrated between J. Lloyd, Esq., and Miss E. S. Cox.

The Dowager Lady Clinton has arrived in town from a tour of visits.

Lady Palmerston and some benevolent ladies and gentlemen are about to build a small hospital at Romsey.

The Countess Dowager of Lichfield has arrived at Thomas's Hotel from a tour of visits.

The Countess Spencer has left Spencer House, St. James's, for Althorp Park, Northamptonshire.

Lord and Lady Lyveden have arrived in Savile-row, from their seat, Farming Woods, Northamptonshire.

Lord Ernest Bruce has arrived in St. George's-place, from Brighton.

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Edmund Falconer introduced an Irish drama as a commencement of the winter season, last Monday. The piece is entitled "Oonagh; or, the Lovers of Lisnamona," and is remarkable for its prolixity and comprehensiveness of almost every subject under the sun. We have heard that in some countries a play commences in the morning and runs through the whole day; a convenient arrangement, so that, like a refreshment bar, a traveller may call, take as much as he wants, and depart. The only necessity of the case is that the so-called drama should be essentially heterogeneous, so that it might be assumed at any portion without detriment to the story. Unfortunately "Oonagh," though incongruous, gave the audience such slender refreshment as not long to detain them, and they indeed found that a little went a great way.

The piece is in five acts, one of them alone occupying an hour and a half, long before which time signs of weariness began to appear. The story was nothing new. A miser's son falls in love with a farmer's daughter, all Irish: there is the old jealousy of a rejected suitor, a meeting of Ribbonmen, a false charge of arson, and the usual trial scene, which last has really grown so common now, that we strongly advise briefless barristers to adjourn from the law courts to the stage. Of course virtue was triumphant, and vice punished, though the audience, tired out with all the wise saws and modern instances that have been introduced into the dialogue had mostly disappeared, reckless of the moral of the story. If Mr. Falconer had only written the parts as well as he, Miss Fanny Addison, Mr. Ryder, and Mr. Basil Potter played them, the opening night would have been a success. As it is, everything requires remodelling and curtailment, except the splendid scenery by Messrs. Danson, and the music, excellently arranged by Mr. Levey.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Mr. Chatterton, resolved to maintain his promise with the public, notwithstanding the continued attractiveness of "Faust," introduced Miss Helen Faucit on Tuesday night, as *Rosalind* in "As You Like It." Possessed of the finished elocution, without the mannerism of the Kemble school, and thoroughly the soft and loving woman, yet with the grace and fascination of the heroine, it is not astonishing that Miss Helen Faucit should have added fresh laurels to the dramatic crown. The audience thoroughly appreciated the high intellect and artistic skill which characterised this charming actress, and if repeated calls before the curtain could convey a proof of popularity, Miss Faucit's star was certainly never higher in the ascendant. The other parts were played by Mr. W. Montgomery as *Orlando*, Mr. Swinburne as *Jaques*, Mr. W. Harrison as *Amiens*, and Mr. Webb as *Touchstone*, all of whom use their best efforts in corroborating the play's success.

THEATRE ROYAL, OLYMPIC.

"The Frozen Deep," with "Dearest Mamma" and the "Quiet Family," constitute three as popular pieces as generally concentrate public attention; and if we speak with qualified praise of the first, let it be understood that we do so distinctly as critics of the piece, for the acting leaves nothing to be desired. We have been so long accustomed to see the consummate talent of Messrs. Wigan and Neville exemplified in parts thoroughly adapted to their genius, that we confess our dislike to witness the one acting a tame part, and the other using all his energy in a character which after all is unattractive. That both play in such a manner as to be beyond all praise only enhances our regret; but to see the one reduced to a mere everyday sailor, and the other alternating between the vagaries of a lunatic and the semi-nude extravagance of a vagrant, displeases us. As to the adjuncts of scenery, &c., they are clever to a degree. The representation of the Aurora Borealis alone might be witnessed with pleasure by half the astronomers of Europe, and indeed the qualities of the piece, or rather its deficiencies, seem to have stimulated the artistic talents of the performers to the highest degree. No doubt numbers will and ought to go to see this representation, for the capabilities exemplified, but we prefer Mr. Neville infinitely, and his able manager in such pieces as the "Ticket-of-Leave Man;" and we think that though Mr. Wilkie Collins is a clever writer, his works, if judged by this specimen, do not dramatise so well, even though supported by some of the most able representatives in the metropolis. The other two pieces are as popular as ever, and we were glad to see the audience so numerous and attentive.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.

After the farce of "Number One Round the Corner," admirably played by Messrs. Wyndham and Dewar, Mr. H. T. Craven won rapturous applause both as author and actor in "Meg's Diversion." The plot is sufficiently known to our readers, and cannot fail to arouse their sympathy, although the punishment visited on the inconstant fair one is more severe than just. Miss M. Oliver, in her varied enunciation of fickleness, or rather thoughtlessness, and true feminine devotion, would alone make the piece successful, did not Mr. Craven's earnest manliness and integrity of attachment rivet our highest praise. It is a most effective melodrama, and was attended by a crowded audience evidently intent upon giving the deserving directress of this theatre every encouragement.

THEATRE ROYAL, ASTLEY'S.

Mr. Charles Dickens' stories are so full of incident, that in dramatising them many parts all capable of scenic effect must necessarily be omitted; hence it is not strange that full justice can never be done to them. Nevertheless, his last work, "Our Mutual Friend," which forms the subject of the "Golden Dustman," has, under the able management and energy of Mr. Nation, been produced as near perfection as it was possible to get. It first appeared under his patronage at Sadler's Wells, and upon leaving that theatre he brought it with him to the scene of his present rule. The *mise en scène* throughout is excellent, especially the two tableaux of the Lock and Boffin's Bower by moonlight; the characters also being well sustained generally, but Mr. Fernandez, who played the part of *Bradley*, the schoolmaster, admirably, was scarcely supported to a degree that his talents merit. Indeed, there seems to be a want of assortment of the parts here to the qualifications of the feminine department, and there is no doubt that if a change were effected in this particular there is ample ability to illustrate dramatic effect. Mr. Atkins displayed uncommon talent in the unpleasant part of *Silas Wegg*, nor was the audience slow in recognising in Mr. Stephens the kind-hearted and unselfish *Mr. Boffin*. Messrs. Walter Joyce and W. Richardson also deserve great credit, while Mr. J. Harris put as much animation into the character of *Rogue Riderhood* as the dramatised version will allow. Mrs. Caulfield has elaborated the character of *Mrs. Boffin* with great care, nor should we be doing justice to Miss Fanny Gwynne did we omit to speak with deserved praise of her *Lizzie Wegham*, which she rendered as the author intended—a tender, womanly impersonation. As to "Atalanta," our original remark applies with respect to the ladies, and if the parts were recast they would be more effective. We think, also, the dialogue might be amended, and we are sure that with these alterations the able manager will reap, as he deserves, and his company also, indisputable appreciation.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

Owing to the necessary preparations for a Christmas pantomime, Mr. Mellon is compelled to contract the routine of these concerts. It is not too much to say that the amateurs of classical music have been especially gratified by their performance; selections from Mozart and Mendelssohn attracting large audiences. Among the performers we may select Mademoiselles Jervis and Liebhardt, also Master Emile Sauret, whose fluency and accent can scarcely be surpassed. The "Der Freischutz" selection, with the Meyerbeer ditto, from "L'Etoile du Nord" were beyond all praise, and we only trust that Mr. Mellon's benefit will prove a bumper, if only in reward for his efforts to entertain the public.

Mrs. Stanton, the female candidate for Congress in New York, is daughter of Judge Cady, of New York, and the wife of B. Stanton, Esq., an eminent barrister of the same State. In her address to the electors, this lady declares that she cannot represent either party of the country. The Republicans, whilst right on questions of personal rights, are, she holds, narrow in their views of protection; and the Democrats, sound in their ideas of trade, hold views of "class and caste among men wholly at variance with our free institutions, and fatal to a high civilisation." Her "creed is free speech, free press, free men, and free trade,—the cardinal points of Democracy."

Law and Police.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—Sending Children Out to Beg.—Emmeline and Jane Barnes, the former six and the latter four years old, were charged by the Marquis Townshend with being found wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence. The Marquis stated that he had seen the mother singing about the streets with these children. As the weather was inclement he thought the most humane course was to bring them to this court. The mother had refused the assistance of a charitable society. The mother said she did not like to be separated from her children. Mr. Knox observed that the cruel practice of dragging children about the streets to excite charity must be put a stop to. He would discharge the children this time, but if they were brought up again the mother might depend upon receiving punishment.

HAMMERSMITH.—Charge of Attempting to Poison a Child.—Harriet Morris, a young woman in service at a house in St. Peter's-square, Hammersmith, was charged with attempting to poison her illegitimate child, Emily Louisa Morris, aged six years, with oxalic acid. Mr. David John Allen, a surgeon, said he was called on Friday morning by the police to see the child, in North-street. Judging from the appearances of the inside of her mouth, the stains on her frock, and the crystal deposit, he had no hesitation in saying that oxalic acid had been administered to her. Inspector Mackay, of the T division, was present when the prisoner was taken into custody. He heard her say that the child had been a world of trouble to her, and had brought her to death's door before, that she had no one in the world to help her, and that it was a great shame the father did not do something for the child. She had intended to have suffered with her, and then there would have been an end of both. Mr. Dayman remanded the prisoner, and requested Inspector Mackay to go to some clergyman to instruct the child as to the nature of an oath, as it was very desirable to have her evidence.

WANDSWORTH.—Among a batch of female casuals brought up at this court on the charge of tearing up their clothes at the workhouse was a woman name Ellen Holston, seventy-nine years of age. Like her younger companions, she was sentenced to three weeks' hard labour.

GUILDHALL.—At this court, a man named Joseph Stone, described as a greengrocer, living in Gloucester-street, Queen-square, Holborn, was charged with brutally assaulting two respectable women on Sunday night. Some gentlemen who witnessed a part of the prisoner's conduct attempted to secure him, and would have done so, but he assured them he was the husband of Mrs. Mansfield (the woman whom he chiefly ill-treated), and this was confirmed by a cabman, into whose vehicle the prisoner was endeavouring to get, who knew nothing about the matter, but was apparently anxious to secure a passenger. The gentlemen upon this let him go, but the women, as they said, "stuck to him," pulled him out of the cab, and got a policeman to take him. He then pretended to be drunk, which the officer into whose charge he was given said he certainly was not. Alderman Wilson fined him 40s. He could not pay that sum, and was sent to prison for a fortnight.

WESTMINSTER.—Montagu Dyer, described as a gentleman residing at No. 11, Arthur-street, Chelsea, whose name was mixed up in the prosecution of Mrs. Allen for perjury, in having charged a gentleman with indecently assaulting her in a railway carriage, was charged at the above-named court with uttering a cheque with intent to defraud, it being valueless. John Crowther, a stonemason, of Marlborough-square, Chelsea, proved that the prisoner came and introduced himself to him about a fortnight ago, stating that he could give him some work. On Saturday he called and asked witness to cash a cheque for him, and produced one for £10 12s. 9d. on the London General Bank, crossed drawn by a man named Burgess, upon one Welsh. Witness was paying his men, and could not cash it, but offered to get it cashed; he went with prisoner to a public-house kept by a Mr. Billington, who, on the cheque being presented, said, "Is it all right?" to which prisoner replied, "It's as safe as the bank." The cheque was afterwards returned, marked "no account," as also was another which had been presented, drawn by the same party. Prisoner said the cheque was given to him as a valuable one. He had no intention of fraud. He did not know the parties whose names were on the cheque, as he had only been introduced to Burgess a few days ago. He asked for bail to find them. Mr. Selfe said he would not bail him; let him give their addresses; it was a miserable attempt to swindle, and he should be severely punished if he did not clear himself.

EDINBURGH.—On Monday, at the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, James Williamson, a tinker, was charged with the murder of his wife, Isabella Baird, on the 23rd of May last, on the public road which passes through the village of Uphall, West Lothian. They were sitting by the roadside after a debauch, when words arose, and the woman threw a piece of bread in the the prisoner's face. The prisoner then, seizing a knife, stabbed his wife in the breast. The wound was not expected to be serious at the moment, but the woman died in ten days. The jury found a verdict of guilty of culpable homicide, and the Lord Justice Clerk sentenced the prisoner to fifteen years' penal servitude.

Attempted Murder at Sheffield.—A boy named Gabbitas, sixteen years of age, a draper's apprentice at Sheffield, has attempted to murder his fellow apprentice, named Arthur Allen. The unfortunate youth is still alive, but there is not the smallest hope of his recovery. He was attacked by Gabbitas, who occupied the same bedroom with him, with a hammer and a carving knife, which it seems the latter had secreted for the purpose. He has been remanded.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Advices from Paris, dated Mexico, Oct. 9th (*viâ* Nazaire), state that the Emperor Maximilian had suddenly left that city, after having announced his intention of undertaking a journey to Vera Cruz, on the 21st Oct. Marshal Bazaine left the capital on the 3rd to meet General Castelnau, but returned on the 9th without having seen the general.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Herald* states that the Emperor Napoleon has invented a new gun, a breech-loading, rifled four-pounder. It is extremely light, and is to be supplied in large quantities to the army. It is contemplated to transform the heavy cavalry into horse artillery. Armed with this new gun the French army would thus be provided with a weapon that would far exceed in its destructive effects the Prussian *zundnadelgewehr*. The guns are proved at Vincennes.

The commission charged with preparing the bases of a treaty of commerce between Austria and France has terminated its labours. The Austrian delegates, MM. de Pretis, Meyer, and de Kalchberg, have already returned to Vienna, where the treaty is to be signed.

RUSSIA.

Advices from St. Petersburg to Nov. 20th state that during his stay at Moscow the Prince of Wales was requested by the Metropolitan Philaret to convey to the Queen of England the wish entertained by his co-religionists that Her Majesty might bestow her sympathy and protectio upon the Christians in the East. The Prince replied: "England desires to protect and foster the spread of Christianity throughout the world."

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

The Hungarian Diet was opened at Pesth on Tuesday. The Royal Rescript contained the following points:—"The unalterable aim of the deliberations which are about to be resumed on the basis of the last Speech from the Throne is the accomplishment of the union of the different parts of the monarchy, and the re-establishment of the autonomous rights of Hungary." After adverting to the late war and the conclusion of peace, the Rescript points out the necessity and urgency of a prompt settlement of internal affairs. His Majesty declares that the suspension of the deliberations of the Diet was all the more regretted by him, as precisely at the moment of the adjournment, the sub-committee of the commission on common affairs had drawn up a project which recognised the principle of the Royal sanction, and which he considers as the basis for an understanding on the question of the discussion and treatment of common affairs.

ITALY.

The *Moniteur* of Tuesday says it is once more evident, from the language of Baron Ricasoli on the Roman question, that the Government is firmly resolved to execute faithfully the Convention of the 15th of September, and to see that its stipulations are respected. The *Italie* announces that in the course of next week the Government will decide upon its measures respecting the various eventualities that may arise at Rome after the departure of the French troops; also that communication, direct and without interruption, between Florence and Rome will be established in the course of next month. This rather singular coincidence, remarks the *Nord*, may serve as a basis for the most opposite anticipations, among which every one may choose that which best suits his fancy."

HOLLAND.

The political strife which has occupied the attention of the people of the Netherlands during the last few weeks is now over, and (observes the Amsterdam correspondent of the *Daily News*) "truth compels the admission that his Majesty's ministers have gained in strength by the new elections. They are still, however, in a small minority, and as many of the new members are thoroughly independent, we must wait for their measures before we can finally judge. The Minister of Finance will not only have no credit balance, but a heavy deficiency; while he holds out a prospect of increased taxation, and of being compelled to contract a loan. The Colonial Minister, too, will have no easy task to perform, since on the colonial question there is a decided majority in the new Chamber for relaxing the system which has been for so many years a source of wealth to Holland, but a source of weakness and misery to Java and the Javanese."

SPAIN.

"A Ministerial crisis," says the *Progres* of Lyons, "has just taken place at Madrid; but, fortunately or the contrary, if preferred, it lasted only five hours, and terminated by the maintenance of the *statu quo*. The cause of this incident was so singular as to be worth mentioning. The Queen, it appears, was anxious to confer the dignity of Commander of the Order of Charles III. on a tenor singer at one of the theatres, but Marshal Narvaez, probably not appreciating the value of the services which this nomination was to reward, refused in the most formal manner to sign the decree, and offered his resignation. The Queen, after a stout resistance, ended by giving way, and the subject of the dispute is not at present to receive the honour intended for him."

GREECE.

The Athens journals announce that the Cretan Assembly-General has addressed a note to the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople, denying the rumour of the submission of the insurgents to the Turkish authorities.

Colonial Intelligence.

The Volunteer Monument Committee at Toronto, of which the Rev. Dr. McCaul is chairman, advertised some weeks since for plans and specifications for a monument to be erected in that city in honour of the brave volunteers who fell at the battle of Ridgway, and offered rewards of 200 dols. and 300 dols. (£40 and £20 sterling), respectively, for the first and second best designs. The time specified having expired, the committee met and decided upon the merits of the different plans submitted, there being twelve in all sent in by the leading architects of the province. After a careful examination, the committee awarded the prizes as follow:—The first to Mr. Zollicoffer, of Ottawa; the second to Mr. J. Smith, of Toronto. Mr. Zollicoffer's design is a Greek temple, with Corinthian column, 45 feet high. Mr. Smith's is a mixed Gothic pillar, with clustering columns, 114 feet high. According to the Toronto *Globe*, about 1,500 dols. (£300 sterling) has already been subscribed in aid of the erection of the monument, in sums of one dollar, without any canvassing whatever; and there is no doubt but that a little effort will raise, in a short time, the whole amount required. Mr. Zollicoffer informed the committee that the monument after his design can be erected at a cost of about 10,000 dols. (£2,000 sterling), while Mr. Smith's will, in all probability, not cost over 9,600 dollars (£1,920 sterling). It is not yet decided which of these two elegant designs will be selected as that from which to build the monument.

Mr. William Raphael, a Prussian artist, resident in Montreal, lately painted a picture which has won universal admiration. It is entitled, "Hush! he sleeps;" and represents a male child slumbering peacefully in a handsome covered carriage, under the branches of a noble tree. By the side of him, in a bending attitude, is his elder sister, who is uplifting her arm on the approach of a dog. The artist has happily caught the moment, and we have seldom seen a face more expressive and natural than that of the girl. As an illustration of the difficulties which an artist in Canada has to encounter, and the little chance he has of making a fortune, or even being able to live decently, we may state that the "goods and chattels" of a well-known Montreal portrait painter were a short time ago brought to the sheriff's "hammer!"

The petty officers, seamen, and marines of H.M.S. Rosario, have erected in Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal, a monument in memory of one of their comrades who was drowned while one night making his way from the ship to the shore. It is embellished with nautical emblems, and has the following characteristic inscription in verse:—

"Oh death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doft;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft."

The sparkling little burlesque of "Ixion" has been received with great favour in the Australian colonies. At Melbourne it is being played nightly at the Princess's, and attracts crowded houses.

It is proposed to establish a retreat for inebriates in Melbourne.

The trial of Messrs. Burgess, Kelly, and Levy for the New Zealand murders has been brought to a close. The three prisoners were found guilty, and on sentence of death being pronounced quite a scene followed in court. Burgess, on hearing the sentence, said, weeping, but with a steady voice:—"Your Honour, I have deserved my sentence, and I receive it with humiliation;" but Kelly and Levy both protested their innocence, and had to be forcibly removed from the dock.

SCOTLAND.

About five o'clock on Friday morning of last week, a fire broke out in the house of the Misses Macpherson, Falls of Truim, Badenoch, and before it could be extinguished the house was totally destroyed, and the two ladies in whose room it is said the fire originated were burned to death.

On Monday, while a sale of stock was taking place at Todhaugh, a farm in the parish of Edrom, about four miles from Dunse, a woman named Marian Smith, employed on the farm, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor. She was about 55 years of age.

While a girl aged eight years, named Catherine Downs, residing with her parents at Legbrannock, was engaged about the fireplace on Saturday forenoon, during the absence of her mother, her dress accidentally caught fire, and, before assistance could be obtained, she was frightfully burned about the face and breast. She remained in great agony until Sunday morning, when she expired.

During the last twelve months, a number of thefts from dwelling houses have taken place within the burgh of Linlithgow, and for a long time the police were unsuccessful in tracing the property or thieves. In June last, a deposit receipt for £172 on the Commercial Bank, two silver watches, and other articles were stolen from a lockfast drawer, and last week about £3 in notes and gold was stolen from a desk in a milk-shop in town. Superintendent Buglass suspected an Irish girl named Mary Cooper of the last theft, and, after watching her movements for several days, arrested the woman in her mother's house early on Sunday morning. After a careful search, a large number of stolen articles, including the deposit receipt, and some of the money taken last week, were found in a bandbox; and various other stolen articles, traced to her possession, have since been recovered.

Accident on the North British Railway, near Collessie Station.—The other day a man named James Williamson, a swine-killer, belonging to Collessie, was walking on the railway at a place near the Birns Farm, Collessie. Seeing the 11 o'clock passenger train coming up, he stepped out of its way, when a coal train, which he did not perceive, came up, and knocked him down. He was taken home, and medical aid procured; but we understand he has received severe internal bruises, and it is doubtful if he will recover.

Religious Intelligence.

The total receipts of the London Missionary Society, which was established in 1795, have amounted to £3,262,346.

With January of next year the *Patriot* newspaper, with which is to be amalgamated the *British Standard*, will commence a new series under the title of the *English Independent*.

On Sunday, the 11th, a great number of persons were attracted to the river contiguous to the Old Furnaces, Rhymney, to witness the public baptism of several of the congregation belonging to the new English Baptist Chapel. The Rev. Mr. M'Donald was the officiating minister.

The Rev. Dr. Shirley, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, who has been lying ill at his lodgings at Christ Church for the last fortnight, still continues in a very dangerous state, and but little hope is entertained of his recovery.

The Earl of Derby, on the part of the Crown, has conferred the Deanery of Norwich, rendered vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. George Pellew, D.D., on the Rev. Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., incumbent of St. John's, Paddington.

Nearly £30,000 has been subscribed towards the Keble Memorial. More money, however, is wanted to carry out the intention of founding a new college at Oxford.——The Neale Memorial Fund does not make much progress. Only about £1,600 has been promised, of which the compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" have subscribed £100.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has requested a meeting to be summoned, at an earlier date than had been previously arranged, of the Colonial Bishopries' Fund Committee. Among the proposals respecting the Bishopric of Victoria, one has received much attention—viz., that of creating a subsidiary missionary bishopric at Ningpo, 400 miles to the north, under the metropolitanship of the Victorian see. There has been some doubt respecting the powers of the committee, but it is now admitted, on the evidence of Earl Grey before Parliament, that the Archbishop alone is consulted by the Colonial Secretary.

Recently an overflowing audience, composed chiefly of young men, filled the large room of the London Coffee House, Ludgate-hill, on the occasion of the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., delivering a lecture before the London Young Men's Temperance Association. Previous to the lecture the secretary introduced a subject which had been some time before the association. It was intended to establish a residential club for about 100 members, to combine the comforts of home with facilities for intellectual improvement, and where means would be adopted for physical and mental exercise and amusement.

The Queen has presented the Rev. Alexander Fridge to the church and parish of Lunan, in the presbytery of Aberbrothock, and county of Forfar, void by the transportation of the Rev. John Hay to the church and parish of Inverkeilor. The Queen has also been pleased to present the Rev. John M'Lean to the church and parish of Kilchoman, in the presbytery of Isla and Jura and Isle of Islay, void by the death of the Rev. John Dewar, late minister.

Clerical Liberty.—The Rev. Professor Lee, in his introductory lecture at the opening of the Edinburgh Theological Class in the University, contended stontly for the removal of that restraint which ignorance and prejudice had gathered round the clerical profession; as more enlightened views prevailed, greater freedom would be accorded to them.

Political Items.

The *Telegraph* thinks there is a good augury for the future of the young Italian kingdom in the circular just addressed to the prefects by Baron Ricasoli.

Baron Beust, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Vienna, has been appointed Minister of the Imperial Household.

A central electoral committee is said to have been formed at Berlin, with the object of directing public opinion during the elections for the German Parliament, to which German unionists in Prussia and other parts of Germany are looking forward with anxiety.

The Madrid correspondent of the *Independance Belge*, writing on the 13th, reports an interview which he says the Duchess de Montpensier has just had with the Queen of Spain for the purpose of warning her Majesty of the dangers to the dynasty which must result from the present system of government. "Her Royal Highness," continues the correspondent, "urged her Majesty, with much earnestness, to make concessions and rally round her the liberal element, adding that if she did not do so the day of the catastrophe would not be far distant, and that it would drag everything down with it—the person of the Queen, her dynasty, and all the royal family. By making concessions in time, calculated to lead to sincere reconciliation with the Liberal party, her enemies would become less numerous, and if some few took up a threatening attitude, she would see devoted defenders range themselves around her." The reply of the Queen was:—"The revolution has declared war against me to the death. Well, I, on my side, declare war against the revolution we shall see which of the two will conquer. To abandon at the moment of the struggle the policy of resistance upon which I have entered, and make concessions, would be my ruin, and I have before my eyes the example of my cousin, the King of Naples, who, after having given way to the revolution and granted all the concessions asked of him, was nevertheless compelled to descend from his throne and go into exile. I am thoroughly determined not to follow his example; I will resist, therefore, and I am firmly resolved to vanquish or die."

With regard to the Fenian convicts in Canada, the Toronto *Globe* states that the Government has resolved to commute the sentence upon Lynch and M'Mahon. John Slevy has since been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

The report that has been going the round of the papers that Mr. Slidell, the late Confederate envoy in Paris, is dead, is contradicted by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*. According to this authority, Mr. Slidell has never left the French capital, and he is in good health. It was an American journal which published the news.

The King of Dahomey is said to have been holding another grand sacrifice. According to a letter from Lagos of the 10th of October, his Majesty was about to go to war with the Ashantees, and to propitiate the gods he had ordered 200 men to be put to death. This is the third sacrifice within the year.

Parliament was further prorogued last Tuesday morning till the 15th of January.

General News.

Madame Ristori, having closed her engagement in New York, is now playing in Boston.

M. Freydorff, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Baden, has just been married to Mdlle. Cornberg, an actress known in the theatrical world under the name o. Mdlle. Thone.

Chang, the well-known Chinese giant, accompanied by his fair spouse, "The Small-footed Golden Lily of the East," is visiting the provinces. He is reported at Bath.

There has been a serious outbreak of yellow fever on board the West India mail steamship Atrato. Out of thirty-five cases more than a third have proved fatal.

Birthday of the Princess Royal.—Wednesday being the anniversary of the birthday of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, the customary signs of rejoicing were manifested. Her Royal Highness completed her twenty-sixth year.

The death of Mr. Yardley, for more than twenty years the magistrate of the Thames Police-court, and for the last six years that for Marylebone, was announced on Monday. The deceased magistrate was in his sixty-second year.

The cattle disease does not appear wholly extinct amongst us, there having been five cases reported during the week ending Nov. 10—namely, one in Cheshire, two in the West Riding, and two in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The disease in sheep has completely disappeared.

The journals of Namur state that the Marchioness de Molins and the Duchess del Pilar Osorio de los Rios have been each fined 30f. by the correctional tribunal of that town, and had their fowling-pieces confiscated, for shooting without a licence in the commune of Dave.

Mr. Artemus Ward's entertainments at the Egyptian Hall are proving a great and deserved success. His lectures are illustrated by a panorama, which the programme announces to be "rather worse than panoramas usually are." It does not add, however, what it might, that the lecture is considerably above par.

A Young Lady named Miss Underwood, while passing along a street in Birmingham, on the 5th inst., was wounded in the side by the wadding from some description of fire-arm, and, as a result of the injury sustained, she expired on Sunday. The person who fired the fatal shot is unknown.

The Mayor of Tynemouth, before vacating the office of Chief Magistrate on Thursday, the 15th, very thoughtfully and liberally presented a substantial "leg of mutton" to each policeman in the borough,—delightfully ironical, pleasingly practical, conveying gratification and admonition together.

At a newspaper office in Sydney, Australia, is a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken to unless paid for his time. Persons desiring an audience are invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room; one hour costing ten shillings; half an hour, six shillings; fifteen minutes, three shillings, and so on.

A most gratifying instance of the respect in which our most gracious Queen is held by all her subjects has just been given by the English residents in St. Petersburg, on the occasion of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, by presenting him with an address most numerously signed, expressing their devotion to the Queen and their attachment to England.

A contemporary reports a curious case that has come before the Norwich magistrates. A woman being about to purchase a pig for the moderate sum of 16s., asked the vendor whether the animal was "all right." "It's a precious sight righter than you," was the reply; an assurance which the purchaser, considering her own soundness unimpeachable, appears to have thought perfectly satisfactory. The pig, however, in a few days died, and the question then arose, and was tried before the magistrates, whether a "warranty" had been given with it. The woman laid great stress on the fact that the pig had been declared "righter" even than she was; but the magistrates were of opinion that that did not amount to much, and dismissed the case.

The Humourist.

WHY is the letter S like a furnace or a battery? —It makes hot shot.

WHEN would you build a house with pocket handkerchiefs? When they *be cam-brick*.

"GOOD BLOOD will show itself," as the old lady said, when she contemplated the redness of her nose.

UNANSWERABLE.—Why should a teetotaller never have a wife?—Because he will not supporter.

A LADY told her husband that she read the *Art of Love* on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

A PHILOSOPHER, who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife brown sugar, because, he said, she was sweet, but unrefined.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.—It is a popular delusion to believe that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket —assisting her to go off.

AN APHORISM FOR FAST MEN.—Young gentlemen who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for ladies to take *ardent spirits*.

GIVEN AWAY AND SOLD.—Which is the cheaper, a bride or a bridegroom?—The bride; she is always *given away;* the bridegroom is sometimes *sold*.

A CURIOSITY WANTED.—A gentleman advertises for a horse, "for a lady of dark colour, a good trotter, and of stylish action!" The horse "must be young, and have a long tail about 15 hands high!"

AUNT BETSY was trying to persuade little Jack to retire at sunset, using the argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Johnny, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

HOW THEY TURNED OUT.—A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to become useful characters in life. These daughters married one after another, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters with their husbands were there, and the old gentleman said to the guests, "I have taken pains to educate my daughters, that they might act well their part in life, and from their advantages and improvements I fondly hoped that they would do honour to my family. I find that all my pains, care and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."

A LADLE OF "PUNCH."

MILLINERY AND MURDER. — Among other fashionable novelties, we see that the "Sadowa Autumn Dress" is pretty largely advertised. What a delightful taste it is to use the title of a battle as the title for a lady's gown, thus mingling in the mind ideas of finery and bloodshed! Perhaps we next may see the "Murderer's Mantle" advertised, or else the "Cut-throat Crinoline." The Solferino scarlet has been popular in its day, and bright eyes have sparkled at beholding the Magenta crimson. It is so nice to mix up millinery and manslaughter. Perhaps the "Strangler's Shawl" may next come into fashion, or else the "Burglar's Bonnet." War, in many cases, is merely wholesale murder; and if Sadowa dresses are held in high repute, there would seem to be no reason why the fair sex should not like the names of their new clothes to be taken from the *Newgate Calendar*.

INNOCENCE.—"And did you ask any little girls to your wedding, mamma?" "Yes, dear, several little girls." "And pray, why didn't you ask *me?*"

A DIFFICULTY IN HOUSEKEEPING.—Master: "Thomson, I believe that I have repeatedly expressed an objection to being served with stale bread at dinner. How is it my wishes have not been attended to?"—Thomson: "Well, Sir, I really do not know what is to be done. It won't do to waste it, and we *can't* eat it downstairs!"

SCENE: HOTEL. TIME, SUNDAY MORNING.

Lady: "Let me have dinner at four this afternoon."

Page: "Yes'm. Would you like it hot or cold?"

Lady: "Hot. I should like a chicken.

Page: "Yes'm. Would you like it roast or biled?"

Lady: "Boiled. Is there a church near here?"

Page: "Yes'm. Would you like it high or low?"

TO EVERY WIFE AND MOTHER.

Dear Materfamilias,

Does Paterfamilias want new shirts? Do the dear boys want any?

If so, I advise you to advise them to wait until you have better "advices" from those rogues of Drapers.

Listen, dear Madam. Not to me, but to a gentleman who knows exactly what he is talking about to the *Daily Telegraph*.

The manufacturers are charging your Draper, for a good quality of white long cloth, or fine shirting (36 inches wide), an average of Seven pence per yard.

The rogue is charging you Thirteen pence—nearly double.

I have no idea what glazed white Jacconets for dress linings are, but they cost your Draper Four pence halfpenny a yard, and he charges you Eight pence halfpenny.

Don't believe the humbug with which he will try to mystify you. These be truths.

Ever your own faithful,

PUNCH.

A RELIEF.—If the trees could speak, to what officer would they appeal?—The relieving officer.

A LADY'S QUESTION.

An advertisement in the *Times* announces THE LADY'S OWN PAPER. Is it tinted paper or curl paper?

A LITTLE "FUN" FOR THE LADIES.

"THE SMALLEST DONATIONS," ETC.

Humble Hansom (to young lady who has been caught in the rain a few yards from church):—Sixpence! P'raps, Miss, you'd be good enough to put it in the poor-box as you go in!"

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

A PALE-FACED young man, who is considered a "wagge" in Camden-town society, was heard to whisper into a young lady's ear during supper time at an evening party that he had a soul above Perigord Pie and all such "*truffles*."

INCIDENTAL REMARKS.

WHY is the profession of a dentist a most anomalous one?—Because the more he "stops" the faster he gets on.

A LOVE SONG.

(After the Popular Drawing-room Style.)

WHEN the mountains flow seaward,
And ocean is dumb,
No more this fond bosom
To thee shall succumb.
Then, oh, my adored one,
Respond to me, pray,
And say will you love me
When I am away. [cheek,
By the bloom on thy brow and the tear on thy
Oh, say will you love me on Saturday week?

Though hearts may be blighted
By hollow despair,
Though the loved may be parted
In sorrow and care.
Will you cling to my image
When absent, my star,
And gaze, still unchanging,
On me from afar?
Oh! answer my fond supplication and speak,
Yes—say will you love me on Saturday week?

Evening Amusements.

[The Editor will be happy to receive solutions from correspondents.]

REBUSES.

I.

The name of a fish not at all like a trout;
Where most people keep if they do not go out;
To make a shrill noise as in terror or fear;
And one who looks over another—that's clear.
A portion of time that soon passeth away,
And a flower that's grown to create a display.
If the heads of these words you should rightly
transpose,
That which all ought to be you will surely
disclose.

II.

A weed that grows apace,
The act of shutting out,
A book containing orders,
What my readers do, no doubt,
A little hollow globe or ball,
To incite by stimulation,
What persons do when discontent,
A common exclamation,
To put in act by violence,
A stinging herb well-known,
To spread by rumour or report,
Of Flanders a strong town.
If of these words you take the heads,
And read them with attention,
The author you will find, whose name
I do not mean to mention.

CHARADE.

A gentleman said to a lady one day,
As through Burlington-gardens they wended
their way,
There's a very fine *first* in a window just here,
Which I mean you to have if you like it, my
dear.

Well, I really can't say, love, the lady replied,
As she looked in his face, and bewitchingly
sighed;
Inasmuch as I've not seen the subject you name,
Though I feel if *you* like it, I must do the same.
Oh, then, that's how it stands, is it? darling,
said he.
Well, I'll show it at once, if you'll just come
with me.
So away they both went to the shop, and soon
bought
The identical thing without giving a thought
As to how they were going to get it safe home,
When the female who served them cried, never
mind, come,
I will give you *my second* and then I am sure
You'll be able to carry it safe to your door.
Well, the *first* in the *second* was placed with
great care,
And a label put on it to tell parties where
This great treasure was made—which appeared
rather droll,
But, at all events, this gives a clue to the *whole*.

ENIGMA.

Can you say what would make the most amiable
cross?
Can you tell what is seen on a very dark night?
Or would stop in a moment a runaway horse?
And what fidgetty people acknowledge is right?
What is that which a spendthrift takes care to
procure?
And the miser to spend for the sake of display?
What would straighten, with ease, the most
difficult curve,
And cause covetous people to give things away?
Can you guess what is sure to make dumb people
speak?
Well the answer's as simple as simple can be;
As you'll frankly acknowledge with pleasure next
week,
Though 'tis nothing of consequence; now can
you see?

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[*** *These announcements are inserted at the uniform charge of* 2*s.* 6*d.*]

BIRTHS.

SONS.

On the 13th inst., at Mulberry House, West Brompton, the wife of the Rev. Dr. CLUTTERBUCK, of a son.

On the 15th inst., at Birkenhead, the wife of J. TYRELL BAYLEE, of a son.

On the 16th inst., at Brook Lodge, Cheadle, Cheshire, the wife of COLIN G. ROSS, Esq., of a son.

On the 16th inst., at Shenfield Place, Essex, the wife of EDWARD COURAGE, of a son.

On the 16th inst., at Stubton Rectory, Newark, the wife of the Rev. WILLIAM S. HAMPSON, of a son.

On the 17th inst., at Elmfield, Aberdeen, the wife of Captain HENRY A. CRANE, 72d Highlanders, of a son.

On the 17th inst., the wife of F. S. ELLIS, Richmond, of a son.

On the 17th inst., at Artarman, Helensburgh, N.B., the wife of W. H. EDYE, Esq., Captain Royal Navy, of a son.

DAUGHTERS.

On the 1st inst., at Elmswood, Lennoxville, Canada East, the wife of the Rev. C. W. RAWSON, of a daughter.

On the 10th inst., at 48, High-street, Notting-hill, Mrs. LONG, of a daughter.

On the 16th inst., at Bletchingley, Surrey, the widow of the late WM. THOS. SARGANT, Esq., of Redhill, of a posthumous daughter.

On the 16th inst., at Downderry, Cornwall, the wife of ALEX. D. NORIE, Lieut. R.N., of a daughter.

On the 16th inst., at North Lodge, Kineton, Warwick, the wife of ARTHUR J. ARMSTRONG, Esq., late Captain 16th Lancers, of a daughter.

On the 17th inst., at 46, Kensington-park-gardens, the wife of J. SHEPPARD SCOTT, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of a daughter.

On the 17th inst., at Morton Lodge, East Moulsey, the wife of J. B. PRICE, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 12th inst., at St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, by the Rev. Theobald Butler, GORDON, only son of ROBERT ARCHDALL, Esq., J.P., of Archdall Lodge, Bundoran, and grandson of [the late Lieut.-Col Gordon, 38th Regt., to LOUISE, only daughter of FRANCIS GREEN TUCKER, Esq., of Gloucester-street, and granddaughter of the late John Henry Blaennerhassett, Esq., county Kerry. No cards.

On the 14th inst., at the parish church, Luton, Beds, JOHN BEVAN, of Burton-on-Trent, to MARY, second daughter of JOHN HOLT, of Luton. No cards.

On the 14th inst., at Denham Church, by the Rev. Charles Hall, rector of the parish, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Besly and the Rev. C. Joyce, Colonel ALBERT FEYCHIN, of Milsoleken Castle, H.M.'s Commissioner for the Tenasserim and Martaban Provinces, to MARIA ACHSAH, eldest daughter of NATHANIEL GRACE LAMBERT, Esq., of Denham Court, Buckinghamshire.

On the 15th inst., at St. Swithin's, Walcot, by the Rev. T. D. Bernard, rector, JOHN DRINKWATER GROSLEY, of Shepherd's-bush, London, to BLANCHE EMMA, fourth daughter of the late CHARLES HAMPER, The Grove, Batheaston, near Bath.

On the 15th inst., at Trinity Church, Tredegar-square, Bow, by the Right Rev. G. Smith, D.D. (late Bishop of Victoria), assisted by the Rev. F. S. Lea, M.A., incumbent, the Rev. F. F. GOUGH, of the Church Missionary Society, to ANN MARIA, widow of the Rev. JOHN JONES, late Missionary of Ningpo, China.

DEATHS.

On the 23d Sept., at Riverton Parsonage, Adelaide, South Australia, SARAH, wife of the Rev. JOHN BISBROWNE TITHERINGTON, and eldest daughter of the late John Thornley, of Liverpool.

On the 22d Oct., at Brooklyn, New York, MARIA LOUISA STRUVE, widow of the late George F. Struve, of the Island of Jersey.

On the 25th Oct., on board the P. and O. Company's s.s. Carnatic, in the 36th year of his age, Captain JOHN PYNE FORBES, 3d Regiment B.N.I., eldest son of the late John Alexander Sutherland Forbes, of the Bombay Civil Service, deeply beloved and regretted.

On the 2d inst., at the Presentation Convent, Limerick, aged 80, CATHERINE MARIA KING (in Religion, Mother de Chantal), only daughter of the late John King, Esq., of Waterford and Castle John, county Kilkenny.

On the 6th inst., at Chelsea, GRACE EMMA NEIL BURGESS, only sister of the late H. W. Burgess, Esq., of 134, Sloane-street.

On the 10th inst., at Liverpool, of congestion of the lungs, aged 37, JAMES BLAGROVE TAPSCOTT, eldest son of the late Mr. Richard Tapscott, of Cullumpton, Devon, universally respected.

On the 11th inst., at his residence, Grove Villas, Finchley, Mr. SAMUEL GOODMAN, aged 76, much respected.

On the 14th inst., at 49, Brook-street, JOHN, second son of EDWIN and EMMA SOPHIA SERCOMBE, aged one year and seven months.

On the 14th inst., at St. Servan's, aged 33, NAGLE BROOKE LOCK, sixth son of the late Captain Campbell Locke, R.N., of Haylands, Isle of Wight.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS.

THE frost which has set in so suddenly and severely has caused an upward tendency in the prices of butchers' meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables. Butchers seem determined, though without reason, to keep up exorbitant prices, and as we are now at the commencement of a winter which promises to be unusually severe, there is every likelihood of a season of need and pinching want among the working classes. We quote the latest prices:—

SUGAR.—A large business has been done in West India, at very firm prices, but the public sales went off slowly. India chiefly sold.—Barbadoes, low to good yellow, 30s 6d to 35s; Jamaica, mid brown to mid grey and yellow 28s to 32s; syrupy grainy Demerara 29s to 30s; Antigua low mid. and mid. yellow 30s to 31s 6d. Demerara sold—good and fine yellow 57s 6d to 60s per cwt.

COFFEE.—Native Ceylon steady; fine ord. bold pale 69s to 70s 6d; good ord. 64s 6d to 66s.

RICE.—An active market, and prices 1½d dearer. A much larger business would have been done had holders been disposed to sell.

TALLOW.—Market steady, little doing, spot to end of year 44s, and March 45s.

OILS.—Linseed, 38s 6d; rape, foreign, pale, 44s; brown, 41s 6d; ditto English, 40s.

PETROLEUM.—American, 1s 6d to 1s 7d.

TURPENTINE.—French, 39s; American 41s.

NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.—Turkeys, 4s 0d to 7s 6s; fowls, 1s 9d to 2s 6d; chickens, 1s 6d to 2s 6d; ducks, 2s 0d to 3s 0d; rabbits, 1s 0d to 1s 6d; hares, 2s 0d to 4s; partridges, 1s 6d to 2s 6d; pheasants, 3s 0d to 5s 6d; pigeons, 0s 6d to 1od. Ostend fresh butter, per dozen pounds, 11s 6d to 14s 0d; English ditto, 10s 0d. Fresh eggs, per 120 8s 0d to 9s 0d; English ditto, 6s 0d to 10s 0d.

COVENT-GARDEN MARKET.—Apples, per half-sieve, 1s 3d to 2s 6d; onions, for pickling, do. 3s to 3s 6d; cabbage per dozen heads, 1s 0d to 2s 0d; cauliflowers do., 2s 0d to 6s 0d; horseradish, do., 1s 6d to 2s 6d; turnips, per dozen bunches, 2s to 6s; carrots, ditto, 4s 0d to 6s 0d; greens, ditto, 2s 0d to 2s 6d. Hothouse grapes, per pound, 2s 0d to 6s 0d; pine apples, do, 3s 0d to 6s 0d; lemons, per 100, 6s. 0d to 12s 0d; oranges, do.; cos lettuces, per score, 1s 0d to 1s 6d.

PRICE OF BREAD.—The prices of wheaten bread in the metropolis are from 8d to 8½d; of household ditto, 7d to 7½d. Some bakers at the east-end of town are selling from 6d to 6½d per 4lb. loaf, weighed on delivery.

PRICES OF COAL.—Holywell Main, 17s.—Lambert's West Hartley, 17s. 9d.—Wylam, 17s.—Eden Main, 20s. 6d. Wall's-end:—Acorn Close, 20s. 3d.—Haswell, 22s. 3d.—Hetton, 22s. 3d.—Kepier Grange, 20s. 6d.—Pittington, 19s.—South Hetton, 22s. 3d.—Dunstall, 22s. 3d.—Caradoc, 21s. 9d.—Cassop, 21s. 6d.—Hartlepool, 22s.—Kelloe, 21s. 3d.—Original Hartlepool, 22s. 3d.—Tees, 21s. 9d. Carway and Duffryn Malting, 23s. 6d.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A LADY, 25 years of age, who is about to relinquish her present engagement as governess in a clergyman's family, desires to meet with an APPOINTMENT in a clergyman's or gentleman's family. Acquirements—thorough English, French, Italian, good German, advanced Latin, also music. Good references. Salary moderate. Address, Alpha, Post-office, Northallerton.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES and MUSIC.—A highly accomplished German lady, educated at Hanover and Paris, pupil of several eminent masters, OFFERS superior LESSONS in GERMAN, French, Italian, English, and music. References to families of distinction. Address, M. B., 9, Ladbroke-place east, Notting-hill, W.

EDUCATION.—WANTED, for a clergyman's family in Yorkshire, as ENGLISH GOVERNESS, to instruct three little girls, eldest 10, in English, French, and music. She must be able to speak and write French fluently. A young lady just returning from the Continent preferred. Salary 40 guineas, with laundress and travelling expenses from London to Yorkshire. All answers to be addressed to Mrs. Russell, Burmeston, Bedale, Yorkshire.

GOVERNESSES REQUIRED, for first-class families, to teach English, French, German, music, and drawing. Salaries £60 and £70. Also a German lady, for a family in China. Salary liberal. Apply at the British and Foreign Governesses' Institute, 46, Regent-street, W.—Mrs. Marsh, Manager.

GOVERNESS (very experienced). A perfect English scholar, fluent French and German, good drawing, music. Family or school. Salary £60.—Mrs. Robert, Governess Agency, 12, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park.

EDUCATION.—A lady REQUIRES an accomplished RESIDENT or DAILY GOVERNESS after Christmas, who can take the charge of 10 pupils. She must be able to impart a thorough English education, speak French and German fluently, drawing, dancing, good music, and singing. Age preferred not under 30. No answers will be given to letters not mentioning full particulars as to accomplishments, and if qualified to direct the studies of so many pupils, the eldest 18. Address, Alpha, Bridge House, Leyton, Essex.

DAILY or OCCASIONAL GOVERNESS.—A lady experienced in tuition, is desirous of a RE-ENGAGEMENT. Acquirements—good music, French (acquired in Paris), Latin, Italian, German, and drawing (rudiments), with English generally. Excellent references.—Alpha, Post-office, Torrington-place, Torrington-square.

WANT SITUATIONS.

[*** *Notices forwarded to the Office under this head are inserted if accompanied by* 12 *postage stamps.*]

(ALL LETTERS TO BE PREPAID.)

AS NURSE, a person who is willing to wait on the Lady if required.—Address, A. T., Mr. Hopkirk's, Hairdresser, 238, Westminster-bridge-rd., S.

AS LADY'S MAID, a Person, aged 26, who understands her duties, with good recommendation.—Address, H. T., Cook's, Stationer, 64, Edgware-road, W.

AS LADY'S MAID, a Person, aged 30, who perfectly understands her business, with two years' character.—Address, A. B., 52, South Moulton-street, Oxford-street, W.

AS HOUSEKEEPER, a person who thoroughly understands her business, and is a good confectioner. A comfortable situation more the object than wages; has lived in good families.—Address, A. E., 15, Carlton-terrace, W.

AS HEAD HOUSEMAID, and to wait on the Lady, and take charge of her linen, a person who has had much experience.—Address, M. A., 23, Sloane-terrace, Chelsea, S.W.

AS IN-DOOR SERVANT, single-handed, or where a boy is kept, a person aged 24, height 5ft. 6in., with good personal character.—Address, A. B. C., Pile's, Greengrocer, Devonshire-street, Cavendish-square, W.

COOK (GOOD PLAIN), in a gentleman's family.—A. W., No. 26, Mary-street, Hampstead-road, N.W.

COOK (GOOD PLAIN), in a gentleman's family. Good character. Steady, active.—S. G., 6, Eaton-row, Eaton-square, S.W.

COOK (GOOD PLAIN), in a small family. Age 50. Five years' character.—M. W., Anderson's, 1, Theobald's-road, W.C.

HOUSEMAID, Second or Single-handed. Age 30.—H. T., 13, Kinnerton-street, Wilton-place, Knightsbridge, S.W.

HOUSEMAID, where a footman is kept, or Parlourmaid in a small family. Two years' personal character.—M. T., 12, Durham-villas, Kensington, W.

HOUSEKEEPER and GENERAL SERVANT to a single gentleman or tradesman, or Cook in a small family. Middle-aged. Good character.—M. A., 2, Chenies-street, Bedford-square.

LADY'S MAID. Aged 30. One year and a half years' good character. Town or country.—A. B., Carter's, 16, South Audley-street.

LADY'S MAID. Good character. Country not objected to.—N.O., Stanesby's, Post-office, Sloane-street, S.W.

LADY'S MAID in a quiet family. Age 23. Good Character.—E. P., 3, Upper Bryanston-street, Marble-arch, W.

NEEDLEWOMAN in a gentleman's family, or to wait on an elderly lady. Understands dressmaking. Age 30. Town or country.—R. J., 27, Arbour-square, Commercial-road, E.

NEEDLEWOMAN, or to assist in the light part of housework. Three and a half years' good character. Town preferred.—E. F., 13, Thurloe-place, South Kensington.

NURSE. Can take a baby from the month. Age 30. Good character.—S. B., 15, New-grove-road, Fulham, S.W.

NURSE to children out of arms. Good needlewoman and dressmaker.—L. D., 87, Frederick-street, Hampstead-road.

FOR WEAK EYES
HER MAJESTY'S
READING LAMP

All affected with weak sight, whether congenital or acquired, should only read, write, or sew by this Lamp, which gives a light brilliant but equally diffused—steady, mellow, and soothing. Its use entirely obviates the prickly and burning sensations produced by the use of gas and the spirit or mineral oil lights, so destructive to even strong eyes. Easily worked and not liable to get out of order, they do not smoke, and yield a light so comparatively cool, that immense quantities are monthly sent to India and other tropical climates, as they can be adapted to burn under the Punkah. The No. 1 Lamps—the largest and most powerful size—give a light equal in brilliancy to that of six wax Candles, at a cost of less than one half-penny per hour. They burn Cocoa-nut and Colza Oil, and, from the nature of the mechanism, there is no chance of the Oil dripping, or the light becoming uncertain. This Lamp is constantly used by Her Majesty and many scientific and eminent persons, it being highly recommended by the most renowned Oculists.

PRICE FROM 10s. 6d. PRICE LISTS GRATIS.

SALOM & CO.,
137, REGENT STREET, LONDON,
AND
98, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

ATKINSON and Co., CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS, CARPET WAREHOUSEMEN, FURNISHING DRAPERS, AND HOUSE AGENTS, WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE ROAD.

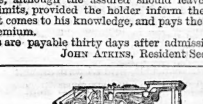
A BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, with Illustrative Sketches of CABINET FURNITURE and DECORATIVE UPHOLSTERY, sent free per post, or given on application. The Stock, corresponding to the List, is marked in plain figures.

TO CHARITABLE DONORS, the Managers of Public Institutions, Asylums, and Homes.
The peculiar circumstances of this year, the late monetary crisis, and the consequent depression of the markets, in the midst of which ATKINSON and Co. made large cash purchases, enable them now to offer unusual advantages in the supply of BEDDING, BLANKETS, COUNTERPANES, and SHEETINGS, besides every description of material for warm Winter Clothing.
ATKINSON and Co.,
198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, and 210,
WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE-ROAD, LONDON.

THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Offices—1, Dale-street, Liverpool; 29 and 21, Poultry; 7, Cornhill; and Charing-cross, London.

Invested Funds	£3,177,616
Fire Premiums received in 1865	739,332
Life Premiums received in 1865	250,103

The following are a few of the ADVANTAGES attaching to the LIFE POLICIES of this Company:—
Moderate rates of premium for all descriptions of insurance.
Fixed bonuses guaranteed by the numerous proprietary of an unlimited Company.
Whole world leave granted on reasonable terms.
Policies held as securities are not considered void by this office, although the assured should leave the prescribed limits, provided the holder inform the office so soon as it comes to his knowledge, and pays the adequate extra premium.
Claims are payable thirty days after admission.
JOHN ATKINS, Resident Secretary.



ALFRED GADSBY,
SPECIMEN, ORNAMENTAL,
AND GENERAL
Steam Machine Printer,
10, CRANE COURY, FLEET STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

THE GREATEST AND MOST USEFUL Invention of the day, AGUA AMARELLA.
MESSRS. JOHN GOSNELL & CO., Red Bull Wharf, 93, Upper Thames-street, London, Perfumers to Her Majesty, respectfully offer to the public this truly marvellous fluid, which gradually restores the human hair to its pristine hue—no matter at what age. The Agua Amarella has none of the properties of dyes; it, on the contrary, is beneficial to the system, and when the hair is once restored, one application per month will keep it in perfect colour.
Price £1 1s. per bottle, or in half bottles, 10s. 6d.
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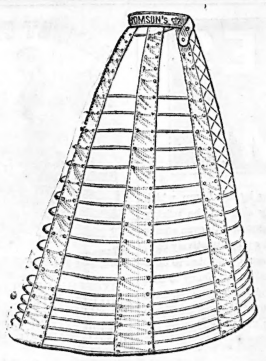

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